

NOTES AT RANDOM

BY HUGH ROSS
WILLIAMSON

The Rightness of Work—Newspapers and their Ways— A Selection of the Month's Books

Philippe Mairet, in the current number of the *Criterion*, has written a short article entitled "The Moral Dilemma in the Age of Science." It seems to me the most important piece of writing which appeared last month. We have had a multiplicity of books enlarging on the problems of this Machine Age in which our lot has been cast. We have been told, until the dullest of us cannot fail to realise it, that we are living in an Age of Plenty. We know that the economic crisis is due to the fact that those in authority persist in applying to a world which produces enough for everybody a system of economics which was devised for a world in which there was too little to go round. The chaos has been epitomised in a simple and sufficiently dramatic form by the deliberate burning of wheat at a time when people were starving.

The sociologist stresses another aspect of the same problem. If to the economist the concern is primarily with the reorganisation of distribution, to the sociologist it is a question of the use of leisure. A four-hour working day is a certainty of the future, and even in the present there is sufficient "off-time" to call for care in the spending of it. Those are not mistaken who see a danger to civilisation itself in the mere mob-minded passivity engendered by the cinema and the wireless.

M. Mairet however goes one step further. The heart of the situation is neither economic nor educational: it is moral. An age of plenty implies far more than the mere adjustment of distribution or an enlightened use of leisure. It necessitates the abandonment of a moral taboo which is as old as the race itself—that work is a good thing. (Not of course the work which most individuals would do whether they were compelled or not, but the uncongenial work which they have to do in order to eat; not life-work, but work-for-a-living.)

The origin of the idea of the moral worth of work was obviously as a social safeguard in an age of scarcity. Or, as M. Mairet puts it: "Western man has long emphasised as a collective idea that work is good, because he knows by experience that it is bad. Like most collective moral ideas, this is a weapon of offence." But if man had really believed in work as duty, as discipline, as even his highest function, "he would never have applied science to industry." Having done so, with a success beyond his dreams, he is faced

with this unescapable dilemma which, for reasons largely unconscious, he yet refuses to see clearly. And M. Mairet is unquestionably right when he says that "the notion that work is a social discipline might be of some pragmatic value in a slave state, but its vague influence in modern society is wholly regressive and neurotic."

But the most important point made in the article is that though the obvious solution—"to effect distribution of real income, *not in return for work done, but as a share in the life of the State*"—smacks of certain political catchwords, the issue is not in the least a political one of Socialism versus Capitalism. The great prophet of the necessity-of-work evangel was Marx even more than Carlyle, for "when Marx and Engels succeeded in mobilising the working class, they inspired its ambition by flattering it with a 'theory of value' which made work supreme."

Meanwhile it is grudgingly realised that the unemployed have a right to live. How grudging the admission is (because the taboo is so fundamental) has been illustrated during the past month by the unedifying dispute between the Ministry of Health and the British

Medical Association as to how little food they can live on. This controversy has had at least the merit of attracting public attention to the conditions of semi-starvation which are widespread in the Midlands and the North. But the arousing of public conscience on one matter or on individual cases is not enough. The problem as a whole must be faced. The issue is clear enough. As economics and education are being brought up to date, so must social morality. A code which was excellent in a world possessing too much work and not enough goods is unfit for a world with too many goods and not enough work. "Society can only survive, to preserve and augment its superb scientific faculties, upon condition of endowing all its members with sufficient means, whether their work is required or not. But all the rich social heritage of our times, more miraculous than that of Egypt in her prime, can equally well be wasted and pass away like Egypt's, into oblivion. If civilisation should accordingly succumb, it will have died of imaginary ills. Certainly there are risks to face in liberally endowing unemployment, but they are the hazards of entering upon a fuller and freer life."

IN OTHER FEBRUARIES . . .

Geoffrey Chaucer was held courteously to ransom, having been taken by the French at Retiers, in Brittany, probably while riding with a foraging expedition.

Sir Walter Scott attended the preliminary meeting for the formation of the Athenæum Club.

Chairmen carrying Swift through the deep snow broke a side-glass against a stubborn pedestrian's back, whereat the Dean scolded mightily until they set him down and picked the pieces of glass from his well-wrapped person.

Thackeray held a cheerful two-night house-warming, with amateur theatricals, at his new red-brick house in Kensington, the "only one of its kind" in London.

John Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, was killed as the result of a bitter quarrel with *Blackwood's Magazine* over the merits of Keats's poetry.

G. U.

The End of a Chapter

The passing of the *Week-End Review* as a separate publication was one of the regrettable occurrences of January. The brave gesture of Mr. Gerald Barry in founding it is still unforgotten, and has become a piece of literary no less than of journalistic history. There is the personal regret that so fine a fighter should have suffered this reverse; there is the sense of loss at the disappearance of a weekly with such a definite personality; but, above all, one is concerned—as Mr. Barry himself is concerned—with the conditions in contemporary journalism which have been the cause of the failure.

No one, I think, would question the assertion that in the popular press to-day there is intelligent discussion of serious questions. Those papers which have the widest circulations are written in the main by the uneducated for the illiterate. Circulation is necessary in order to gain advertisements, on which the revenue depends. (Without advertisements an ordinary daily paper could not be sold, I believe, at less than three shillings and sixpence a copy.) Now, as Mr. Barry points out in his last editorial, "the combined circulation of all the existing sixpenny literary weeklies put together is considerably under fifty thousand, which is about the minimum figure at which national advertisers or large advertising agencies become sufficiently interested to subsidise the revenue of a paper on any large scale." That is to say that "they are being asked to render, in extremely difficult times, a service of independent suggestion and criticism essential to a democratic community, without being allowed more than a fraction of the resources necessary in order to make a job of it. In this they are not alone; scientific research, education, health, and in fact every service which cannot be made to minister directly to the crudest mass-instinct or to private profit, or to a combination of both, is at present in the same boat. . . . Parliament may eventually have to tackle the greedy struggle for the million sale daily and Sunday morning newspaper market, for the women's market, for the fatter Trade Press and so forth. While heavily-financed giants strive to outdo one another in the giving away of pots and pans and in the promotion of mild lotteries, the unremunerative development work of the press falls largely to a hard-pressed group of publications which may be socially at least as useful, but do not get a fair show from the devil-take-the-hindmost competitive system."

The matter, though Mr. Barry does not carry it

further, has even more serious implications. I do not think it unlikely that in the not too distant future, Parliament may have to curtail the freedom of the press in the name of freedom. For at the present moment the "freedom of the press" means nothing more than the freedom of a very small group of irresponsible press magnates. And it was in order to ensure freedom that America found it necessary to limit the liberty of her racketeers.

The latest eccentricity (which may not be without disastrous results) of Lord Rothermere was to give his official benediction in the *Daily Mail* to Sir Oswald Mosley's Blackshirts, and to see in thuggery the only hope for the future government of England. It was

ironical that the announcement should be made on the same day as the news that Signor Mussolini intended at last to see whether fascism would work. In common with most apologists for the fascist state, Lord Rothermere did not seem to realise that the political philosophy of fascism has not yet, even in Italy, been subjected to a practical test. With the passing of the Guilds Law Italy will make the experiment of the Corporative State, which will be watched with interest by friends and foes alike.

In "Hitler: Whence and Whither?" (3s. 6d.; Nisbet), Mr. Wickham Steed has written the best analysis of the movement in Germany that I have read. Mr. Steed who, like many other people, has neither forgiven nor forgotten the murder of

Mateotti, has been an ardent opponent of fascism from its beginning, yet his book is scrupulously fair and even mild in tone. His quotations from Hitler's "Mein Kampf" of passages which have been omitted from the translated editions—and even from the later German editions—such as "the German has not the slightest notion how a people must be misled if the adherence of the masses is sought," are valuable, as also is his inclusion of the passage from Herr Banse's famous book which, with the aid of a map, shows how England may be invaded and conquered by a German force. "We confess," writes Herr Banse, "that it is charming to imagine and portray the downfall of this proud and secure people which will have to obey foreign lords in a country unconquered since 1066, or will have to renounce its lucrative colonial empire. Every Englishman and Englishwoman would regard these sentences as a monstrosity, indeed a blasphemy, if they ever came to know of them."

One wonders whether Lord Rothermere knows them? As a translation of the book into English is

THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS

—o—

BIOGRAPHY

"Milton." By Rose Macaulay. 2s. (Duckworth.)

TRAVEL

"A History of Exploration." By Sir Percy Sykes. 25s. (Routledge.)

AFFAIRS

"Hitler." By Wickham Steed. 3s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

MISCELLANEOUS

"Post-Bag Diversions." By E. V. Lucas. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

FICTION

"A Modern Tragedy." By Phyllis Bentley. 8s. 6d. (Gollancz.)

RELIGION

"Testament of Love." By Hubert L. Simpson. 2s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

REFERENCE

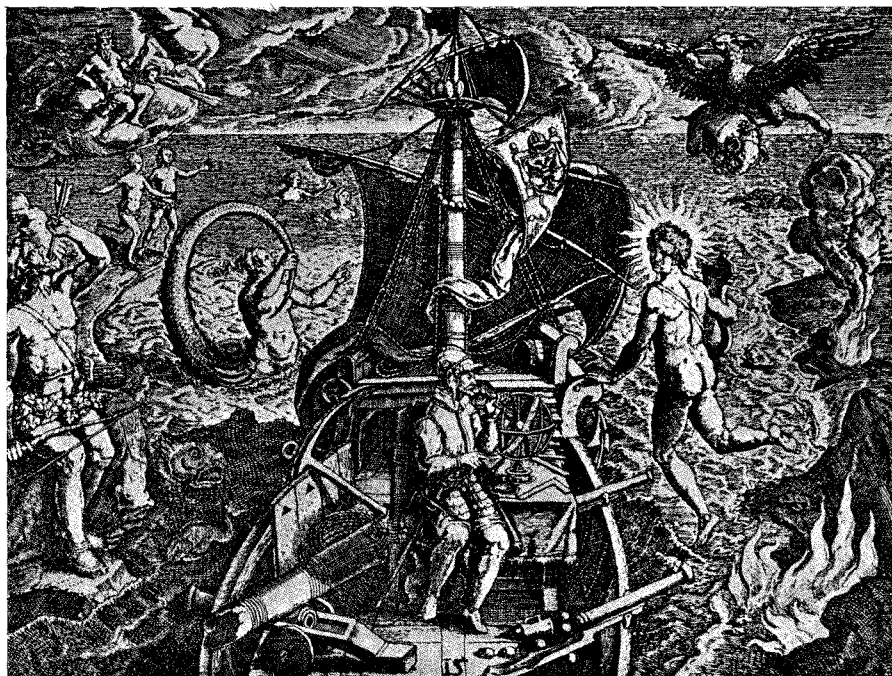
"Peace Year Book." 1s. 6d. (National Peace Council.)

“AN AMALGAMATION HAS BEEN ARRANGED . . .”

By Thomas Derrick



In view of the recent amalgamation of *The Week-End Review* and *The New Statesman and Nation*, Thomas Derrick wonders which periodicals will be the next to unite. Will they be, by chance, *The Publican's Periodical* and *The Art-Needleworker's Quarterly*?



Magellan passing through the Straits

(From de Bry)

From "*History of Exploration*," by Sir Percy Sykes (Routledge)

to be published by Lovat Dickson this month, there will be opportunity to study them in full.

Three Biographies

Three biographies appeared last month which are all for different reasons worth attention. "*Swift*," by Mario M. Rossi and J. M. Hone (16s.; Gollancz), studies the great egotist as a character from the psychological angle. He is not presented as the sum total of anecdotes and actions, but as a personality—a "limit case" of humanity if you like—about whom the anecdotes become credible. The egotist "cannot see the world from an unimpassioned angle; he is always at the centre of the stage, and all the lines of force which go through the world come to their focal point in himself. From this first asset of an egotistical character, derives as a logical consequence a disregard of humanity. . . . The egotist never abandons himself. He cannot give himself up to anything or any person, whereas selfishness perpetually seeks sympathy without giving it. So we come to the strange result. The egotist, the integral egotist has no aims. . . . He does not calculate, for his selfishness is too profound to let him imagine the possibility of opposition from others. He is assured that others must in the last resort depend on himself, and therefore he takes no pains to affirm himself. So Swift fled when he could not have his way, as he did in his love with Vanessa, in his politics after the final clash between Harley and Bolingbroke, and when Stella was near death."

This quotation gives the flavour of what is surely one of the most masterly analyses of one of the strangest of geniuses.

The second biography, "*The Unknown Cromwell*," by F. H. Hayward (12s. 6d.; Allen & Unwin), is not a particularly good book, for it is diffuse and undocumented, and states very little which is not already common knowledge. Its value lies in the fact that it is a counterblast to the perversions of history offered by the school of Royalist historians, who have recently become vocal once more. The motive force behind the

book is sincere indignation that these falsifications should be foisted on a public not sufficiently versed in history to detect the falsehoods. Certainly it should be read by everyone who has imbibed intoxicating draughts of Mr. Belloc.

One point in particular Mr. Hayward must be thanked for making—the encouragement given to the arts, particularly music, under the rule of the Puritans. Those who continue to believe the long-exploded myth that the Puritans were inimical to art may find it difficult to explain why the first English opera was produced during the Protectorate.

The greatest of the Puritan artists, Milton, is the subject of a short biography by Miss Rose Macaulay (2s.; Duckworth). Written with the knowledge of a serious scholar of the period, the delicate perception of a creative artist and the detach-

ment of a wit, this brilliant book is a masterpiece in little.

A New Kind of Book

In "*Post-Bag Diversions*" (7s. 6d.; Methuen) Mr. E. V. Lucas has invented a new kind of book. Its nature is indicated in its title and the quotation from Beau Brummell: "Let others do the work," on the front page. The contents of "*Post-Bag Diversions*" are extracts from letters which the compiler has received over a period of thirty years. Thus topics and authors are sufficiently varied—from Lawrence of Arabia asking not to be classed "as a person who wantonly writes books," to "Fougasse" remarking that the great Thomas Box's "tight trousers may possibly have been a purely personal matter, like Ranji's silk shirt or even W. G.'s M.C.C. tie"; from Joseph Conrad recommending (oddly enough in all conscience) the work of Norman Douglas, to John Galsworthy waxing rhapsodical over racehorses. An entertaining book—but what vistas of vague menace it opens up for letter-writers.

Of Adventure

"*A History of Exploration*" by Sir Percy Sykes (25s.; Routledge) is the nearest approach to the perfect adventure book I have seen. It marks in a sense the end of a chapter for, with the recent journeys of St. John Philby and Bertram Thomas through Arabia, land exploration in the old manner is dead. Aviation has changed all that. In this book Sir Percy Sykes, himself a renowned explorer, sums up and provides an epitome of the daring of man, from the days of the early Greeks to the circumnavigation of the Antarctic in 1931. The book is well illustrated with a variety of maps and plates, one of which is reproduced here.

Other Days

A book which has become in its way a classic, "*The Wheelwright's Shop*," by George Sturt (Cambridge University Press), has been reissued in a cheap edition at 7s. 6d., eleven years after its original publication.

This unpretentious but moving chronicle of a small business, with its pictures of the country-side and of the lives of that now swiftly passing race, the individual craftsman, has long been recognised as of great value to the social historian. One hopes that now it has become more generally accessible it will gain the popularity it deserves among a wider circle of readers.

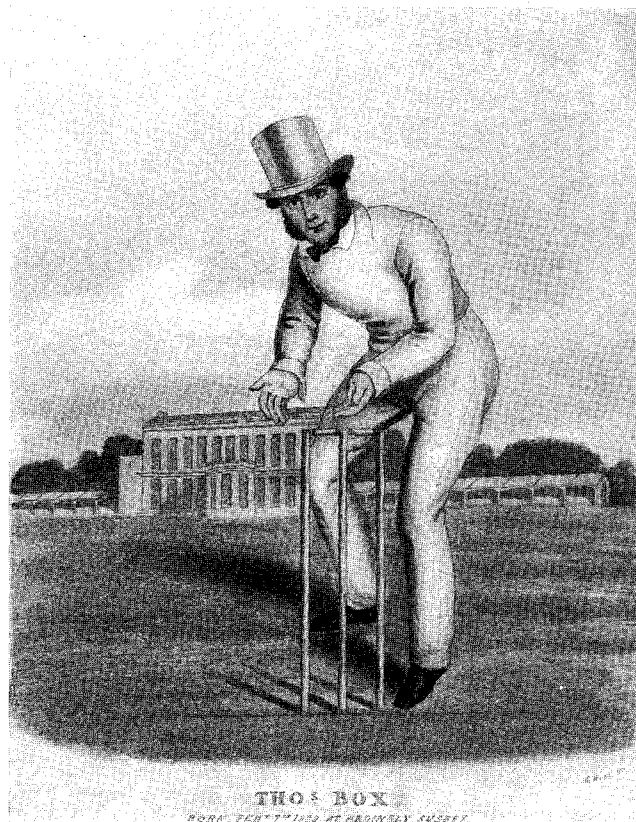
Fiction

I must confess that, with the best will in the world, I could not struggle beyond the first fifty pages of the most discussed novel of the month—Eric Linklater's "Magnus Merriman" (7s. 6d.; Jonathan Cape). Its passages of boisterous self-conscious bonhomie, alternating with passages of æsthetic and even more self-conscious "fine writing," made it seem intolerably jejune. But it has had a great success.

Phyllis Bentley's "A Modern Tragedy" fails only in its title. It is not a tragedy in any real sense, for "tragedy is the statement of an expiation, but not the miserable expiation of a codified breach of a local arrangement, organised by the knaves for the fools." With that almost exactly Miss Bentley is concerned in her story of financial frauds, in which Yorkshire industrialists become involved in their efforts to escape the crisis. As a story and as a picture of industrial Yorkshire, "A Modern Tragedy" is magnificently successful, and here and there one glimpses the true, underlying tragedy which lies in the uncharted depths beneath the surface of Miss Bentley's tale.

For Reference

And last of the books of the month, two reference books—one an enormous tome entitled, "Authors: To-day and Yesterday" (18s.; Holmes), which contains the biographies of over three hundred authors of this century, with a full bibliography and—most useful of all—a list of books and articles *about* each author; the other a little volume called "Peace Year Book" (1s. 6d.; National Peace Council), which contains in handy form all the information that can be required on the progress of the cause of peace during the past year. Both books are valuable.



Thomas Box of Sussex

From the engraving in colour by C. Hunt
From "Post-Bag Diversions," by E. V. Lucas (Methuen)

The Book you can Write

It has been said quite truly that everybody can write one book—his autobiography. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the entry for the £1,000 prize offered by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton for the best piece of autobiographical writing submitted before December 31st, 1934, will be large. Unfortunately most young writers will publish their personal reminiscences very slightly altered in the form of first novels, without realising that the direct narrative, though perhaps less flattering to their self-esteem, is, if they are honest,

of immeasurably greater interest to the public. More particularly it is hoped that the entries will reveal some hitherto unknown writer like, for instance, Axel Munthe, whose "Story of San Michele," I hear, is still selling at the rate of three hundred and fifty copies per week.

The annual analysis of books published during 1933, which has once more been made by the "Publishers' Circular and the Publisher and Bookseller," shows a slight decrease in fiction, and increase in books dealing with sociology, religion and biography. This only confirms the general impression which one has gained from publishers during the last year or two that the public is turning more and more to serious works and away from novels.



The Wheelwright's Shop

From "The Wheelwright's Shop," by George Sturt (Cambridge University Press)

A New-comer

A new publication which should appeal to readers of *THE BOOKMAN* makes its appearance to-day. It is called *New Stories*, and is a bi-monthly magazine devoted to short stories of outstanding literary merit. The editorial board consists of H. E. Bates, who is one of the artists of the short story in England; E. J. O'Brien, who for some years has edited the annual collections of the best English and the best American

short stories; Geoffrey West; Arthur Calder-Marshall; Hamish Miles, and L. A. Pavey. I understand sufficient support has been given to the scheme to enable the magazine to be printed instead of, as was at first intended, to be produced in facsimile typescript. Already *New Verse*, which Mr. Geoffrey Grigson founded a year ago, is well established, and is recognised as doing invaluable service for contemporary poetry in England. We wish *New Stories* a similar success.

The Chamber Music Association

SIR,

May I be allowed, through the medium of your columns, to define the object of this new Foundation. It is intended mainly to encourage the playing of chamber music for its own sake throughout the country.

In the recently published Cambridgeshire report on the teaching of music, the position is so lucidly traced by an anonymous writer that I have taken the liberty of selecting a passage for quotation. He alludes to the enormous increase in the *passive* participation of music which has been made possible by the gramophone and the radio, and continues: "the value of these inventions as instruments of musical education cannot be denied, but they carry with them the grave danger that we may become a nation of mere listeners that cannot sing or play an instrument."

I am not suggesting that the private playing of chamber music has been neglected. A few excellent clubs exist in town and country, representing private endeavour, and five years ago there appeared on the scene a "Summer School of Chamber Music," with which I have been associated since its inception. But it occurred to me that there was much more to be done. I conceived the idea of a central institution akin to Cecil Sharp's magnificent Foundation for encouraging the study of Folk Dance and Song, which has branches in numerous towns and rural

districts, and spoke of the scheme to my musical friends, all of whom responded with so much enthusiasm that I decided that the last gesture of my long musical life—a gesture of gratitude—should be the founding of a Chamber Music Association of the kind described. The idea has materialised, and the enterprise may be said to be from to-day a *fait accompli*.

At my advanced age it is obviously impossible for me to do the necessary work myself. The best I can offer is to provide financial backing to the extent of £1,000, and to give occasional expression to the ideas with which, after a lifelong devotion to the playing of ensemble music, my mind is naturally crowded. Fortunately I have been able to arrange with the British Federation of Musical Competition Festivals, to whose masterly management the success of the Summer School is largely due, to undertake the organisation of the Association with the aid of an influential committee.

I must not encroach upon your valuable space by giving details of how the Association will function, but I will ask those of your readers who are interested to write to the Secretary of the Federation, 22, Surrey Street, London, W.C.2.

I will conclude by expressing the hope that the Association may become a national concern, and that ardent lovers of the beautiful art of chamber music may emulate the generosity of the lovers of folk dance and song who helped Cecil Sharp in early days.

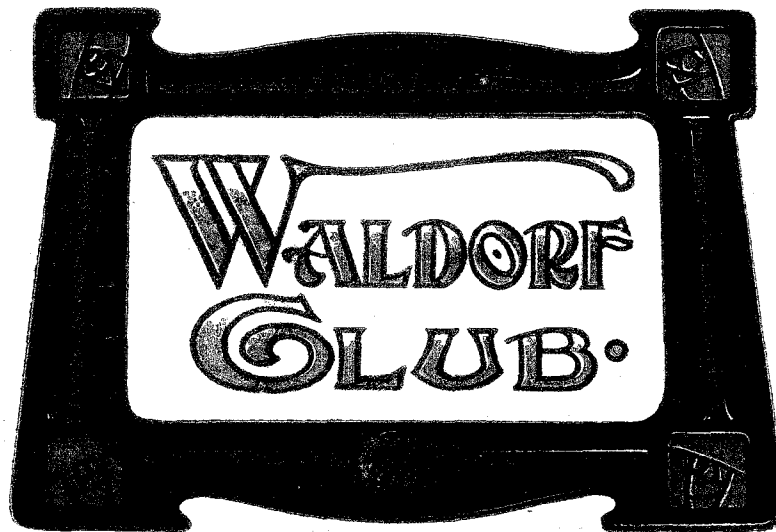
Yours, etc.,

W. W. COBBETT.



Abyssinian Art

From "Something New Out of Africa," by HW (Pitman)
(Review on page 451)



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own Pen the delightful
surface in the vacant
space left here and
then kindly*

*turn
over*

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SIZES OF WALDORF CLUB NOTEPAPERS.

“OUTWORKERS WANTED!”

by MARY EDMONDS

Just over ninety years ago, the appearance in “Punch” of Hood’s “The Song of the Shirt” roused the conscience of the community. To-day, though conditions have immeasurably improved, they still leave much to be desired.

It will possibly come as a surprise to some readers to learn that to-day in the dressmaking trade wages of thirty shillings a week for work from eight in the morning to six at night are “figures well within the Board of Trade rates and the hours, compared with the maximum number permitted by the Factory Act of 1901, are good.” The condition of unregistered “outworkers,” to whom, in increasing numbers, the large firms are farming out their work, may, by comparison, be imagined. In this article, Miss Edmonds, who has spent much time investigating conditions at first hand, gives an unemotional chronicle of facts of

“THE SONG OF THE SHIRT” IN OUR OWN TIMES

Outdoor Hands required for new Spring designs in medium and better class afternoon gowns. Must bring their own samples for repeats.—, W.I.

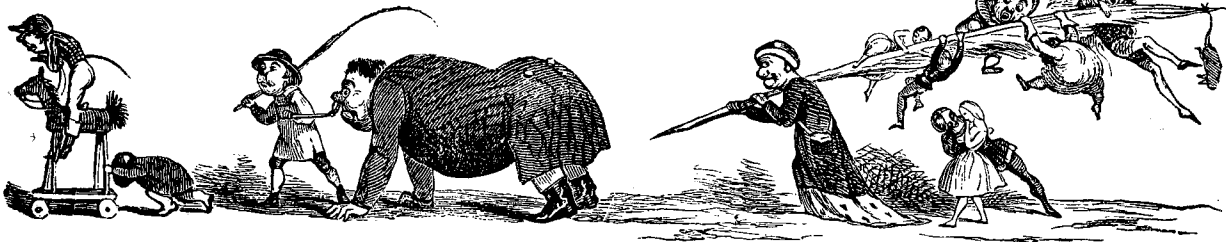
Outdoor Workers, preferably with own work-room. Required for high-class lingerie. Apply personally, with specimens of work, between 6 and 7.—, W.I.

Outdoor Hand, embroidery, Anglaise, smocking, etc.—, E.3.

Outdoor Dressmakers required, with own samples. Medium to better-class day and evening gowns.—, E.I.

Outdoor Workers required for ladies’ coats and costumes. Best work only. Call any time.—, W.I.

being made under ideal factory conditions (that is why they can do it so cheaply, my dear !), with walls painted just the right colour to create an atmosphere of cheerful restfulness, with lighting specially adjusted to prevent eyestrain, stools and benches just the right height to prevent tired backs, and a philanthropic factory inspector appearing every other week to inquire whether the girls now have enough sugar in their morning coffee.



THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.



WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A Woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch ! stitch ! stitch !
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the “Song of the Shirt !”

“Work ! work ! work !
While the cock is crowing aloof !
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof !
It’s O ! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work !

The first appearance of
Hood’s famous poem in
the Christmas Number
of “Punch,” 1843

Reproduced by kind permission
of the Proprietors of “Punch”

THESE five advertisements have all appeared recently in the *Daily Telegraph*. It may seem strange, in these days of electrically-driven cutters and power machines, and of factories with their efficient system of subdivision of processes, that so many advertisements for outworkers in the clothing trades should appear in the daily press. Behind the phrase “Outworkers Wanted” lies a story which does little credit to the trade, though the conditions it reveals are nothing more than the logical outcome of the struggle for existence against the fearful odds of cut-throat competition.

The average person, with no access to detailed knowledge of the trades, probably has a nebulous conception of dresses and blouses, suits and overcoats, all

In 1921 it was estimated that in the Greater London area alone, 200,000 persons, of which more than two-thirds were women, were employed in the clothing trades. The total figure for England and Wales was 600,000. The two principal branches are of course dressmaking and tailoring, and the following figures, taken from the “New Survey of London Life and Labour” (1931), show the size of the establishments in which these people work :

Establishments employing	Tailoring.	Dressmaking and Millinery.
1,000-2,000 insured persons	.. 2	—
500-1,000	.. 7	4
200- 500	.. 15	21
100- 200	.. 21	65
50- 100	.. 56	141
25- 50	.. 127	263
10- 25	.. 330	561
Under 10	.. 543	408



Needle Money

Reproduced from "Punch," by kind permission of the Proprietors

It is clear therefore that the majority of the work is done in small scale businesses, and generally speaking the smaller the business the less ideal the conditions.

The tailoring trade, though less affected by the growth of the factory system than the dressmaking trade, has undergone great changes during the last thirty years, owing to the new system introduced by Jewish immigrants. The skilled craftsman, who made the garment from the first tacking stitch to the last button, is being replaced by a team, organised on the principle of a subdivision of labour—one worker making pockets, another sleeves, a third working buttonholes. Of the 24,169 male workers in the County of London, in the Census Occupational Classification, "tailors, tailors' machinists and pressers," about forty per cent. were foreign born, most of them being Polish or Russian.

There are three main classes in the trade, the first and second classes still retaining traces of the spirit of the ancient craftsmen's guilds, a dignified atmosphere which is dying only too fast.

The highest class of West End tailoring is carried on by about one hundred and fifty firms. The garments are cut out on the premises and handed over to the journeyman and his assistants, who make up the garments either on the premises of the master-tailor, in the journeyman's own home, or in rooms, known as "sittings," which he has rented. Sometimes the cloth, after cutting, is sent out to be made up by a sub-contractor. He in his turn puts the work out. It frequently happens, therefore, that the workpeople are not under direct control of the original firm at all.

In the second class work a merchant tailor, besides sending his work to a master-tailor or sub-contractor, may send it to a wholesale clothing factory. The third class trade is entirely factory work.

While paying the highest tribute to the merchant tailors and factory owners who earnestly try to give consideration to their workpeople, and bearing in mind that some of the tailoring factories in the North of England are amongst the finest in the country, nevertheless it can be seen at a glance that loopholes for evasion of factory hours acts, minimum trade boards rates of pay and London County

Council regulations can exist in such a loosely organised system.

Many of the sub-contractors, invariably Jews, used to a low standard of living, work in tiny establishments, often living, eating and working in the same room. Some years ago the *Daily Telegraph* made the statement that "workshops in White-chapel and Soho were so transitional (often opening and closing within a few months), that Government authorities and trade union committees were seriously perplexed as to measures with which to deal with them effectively."

How the System Works

A report of the Conference of the Tailors and Garment Workers' Union at Leeds appeared in the *Daily Herald* on August 3rd, 1926, in which it was asserted that much even of the Savile Row tailoring was often done in the sweat shops of Soho, where children of fourteen were employed at an average wage of 4s. to 5s. a week.

Women's tailored clothes provide an interesting example of the way the system works. Women usually buy their coats and suits from multiple stores, who in turn buy from the makers or warehousemen. The Jewish master-tailor works for the warehouseman. He begins in a small way. A walk down any of the back streets of the East End or Soho will reveal how mean these workshops can be. Hours of work are irregular. In rush times the work continues till all hours of the night. Friends who are stall-holders in Petticoat Lane or proprietors of coffee stalls are called in to help during an emergency.

An indication of the rates of pay, taken from the "New Survey of London Life and Labour," will show the cost of these processes to the consumer. A master-tailor was given six shillings for making a costume which sold at four and a half guineas. He paid out of this one shilling and sixpence each to his machinist and tailor, elevenpence to the presser, and sixpence each to the felling and finishing hands. His own profit was one shilling and a penny.

A few months ago there appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* a note concerning the waterproof garment makers. The industry, hitherto, had been centred in Manchester, where during busy seasons good wages were earned. The Manchester monopoly was, however, broken by new factories in London and Glasgow, but also by the arrival of small Jewish bedroom shops, which arise and disappear again with the rise and fall of trade. The shops open for so short a time that their existence can very easily escape the notice of authority; they employ only a few operatives and contrive to evade Factory Act regulations. Some establishments are open for seven days a week, employing Jewish labour on Sundays and non-Jewish labour on Saturdays. In the clause of the Factory Act dealing with Jewish labour, it is expressly stated that if the factory or workshop is closed till sunset on Saturday it may employ women and young persons from sunset till nine in the evening. Or if the shop is closed all Saturday they may employ them for an hour extra each day. Alternatively, Jewish women or young persons may be employed on Sunday if the establishment is closed on Saturday and they do not avail themselves of the privilege of the extra hour's employment during each weekday.

It was found that some of the waterproof makers' workshops were open from seven in the morning till ten at night, and the employees were working sixty, seventy, or even eighty hours a week. From the wholesale prices it was obvious that the wages paid could not have been more than two-thirds or three-quarters of the union rates.

Foreign Competition

It was alarming, in the midst of these reflections, to read a head-line in the *Daily Express*, on November 27th, 1933, which ran: "Poland Dresses a Londoner for 21/10," and to read that during the last ten months £270,000

worth of cheap clothing has been imported, while during the past three months unemployment in the clothing factories and workshops of Britain has grown from 19,000 to 34,000. Wholesale merchants are buying from Poland. The labour conditions in Poland which enable suits to be produced for 5s. 6d. involve incredible privations for the workers. A family of workers will receive 1s. 4d. for making a suit. A pair of trousers is made for 2d.

It was more alarming still to read in the *Manchester Guardian* of August 4th, 1931, that there was a tendency on the part of many British employers to close their work-rooms, thus compelling workpeople to find accommodation, light and heating for themselves—in short to transform them to outworkers, bereft of insurance benefits, forced to work in their own homes, where the difficulty of enforcing trade board rates of pay is increased immeasurably.

Another factor which keeps prices and wages depressed is the sale of bankrupt stock. Clothing is bought up cheaply from a bankrupt and retailed at prices far below the actual cost of production. It becomes impossible for makers to compete.

With the new menace of foreign competition and the fierce undercutting at home, what is happening to our own workers?

As the owner of the sweat shop might say in defence of his own methods—one must live.

II

THE SEAMSTRESS—YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

The lot of the Victorian dressmaker was one of amazing hardship. The hours far exceeded those of any Eastern labourer who works from sunrise to sunset. In 1843, there were fifteen thousand dressmakers working at their employers' places of business in London and Westminster. The conditions in which they worked were extremely unhealthy and they suffered from tuberculosis, various internal complaints and especially eye trouble. The girls were apprenticed at the age of fourteen, for two or three years, after which they became improvers for another one or two years, and finally journey-women, when they received a small salary. If they lived in, they were obliged to pay a premium of £50 to £60, and were lodged by their employers. Otherwise they paid no premium, but had to provide their own board and lodging.

In the best establishments, the hours of work were half-past eight in the morning till eleven o'clock at night in the winter, and eight in the morning till midnight or one a.m. in the summer. On Saturday nights they would occasionally work till three o'clock in the morning. It is recorded that one girl worked twenty hours a day for three months.

The girls were sometimes allowed a quarter of an hour for breakfast and half an hour for dinner and tea, but more often they were given only ten minutes for breakfast, fifteen to twenty minutes for dinner and fifteen minutes for tea. Supper, if any were provided, was served in the work-room. The girls never stood this strain for long. Those who did not marry, or find other work, broke down in health, and the system was maintained only by a constant supply of fresh girls from the country.

Eventually one employer decided that it would be a good idea if her girls worked from nine in the morning till nine at night, and had the generosity and strength of character to establish these hours in her work-rooms. No one worked for her after ten o'clock at night.

By the end of the nineteenth century conditions were improving only very gradually. I quote from a dressmaker who worked at a typical establishment of the time.

"I started just forty years ago, and was apprenticed for two years, mother paying a premium of £3. We had to provide our own needles, scissors and inch measure. We began at half-past eight in the morning and worked till eight at night, with one hour off for dinner and half an hour for tea. On Saturdays we were supposed to finish at four, but it was usually nearly five before we left, as the workroom and cupboards had always to be put straight.

"At the end of the apprenticeship we might be asked to stay on as improvers, with a salary of two and sixpence a week.

"The two bodice hands used to walk two and a half miles to work every morning, bringing their own food, and received ten shillings a week. The skirt hand received seven shillings and sixpence a week. One girl, after working for seven years, earned four and sixpence a week.

"Money was stopped if one were away through illness."

It must be borne in mind that, in those days, if a woman worked privately in her own home, she received only seven shillings and sixpence to ten shillings for making a dress, and fashions were so complicated that she could not possibly make it in less than a week.

My second quotation is from a woman at work in the trade to-day.

She says:

"The firm I work for is one of the best in the trade, and compared with others we have not much to grumble at. We work from eight a.m. to six p.m., with an hour off at midday for lunch. Since last year we have been allowed a ten-minute break in the afternoon for a cup of tea. Our wages are good compared with others. We get from tenpence to about one and sixpence for making a jumper or blouse, which is sold for anything from twelve and elevenpence to fifty shillings, and which takes from one hour and twenty minutes to three hours to make, working at high pressure. Dresses we get from one and tenpence to three and sixpence each for making. These are the best West End day and evening dresses, and are sold for thirty shillings to four or five guineas. I saw a jumper in Oxford Street priced at twenty-nine and elevenpence which we had made for one-and-a-penny, and a dress marked forty-nine and elevenpence which we had made for two shillings and threepence, and which took nearly four hours to make.

"I remember working out my average wage for 1931, and it came to thirty-four and sevenpence a week for fifty-one weeks. I had two weeks' summer holiday. The firm pays us for one week at twenty-six and threepence minus one and threepence insurance. The other week I had off with no pay. We get no pay for any other holidays, so Easter, Whitsun and Christmas are short times for us. I have had seventeen years' experience, so am a fully qualified worker and do the 'best' work, but I should think the average wage of the average worker on our firm works out at thirty shillings to thirty-two shillings a week. Of course they earn more when we are busy and less when we are slack. One of our girls, when she was put off for slackness, went to a firm where



Pin Money

Reproduced from "Punch," by kind permission of the Proprietors

she got tenpence for making a dress, and had to 'sweat' to earn twenty-seven and sixpence a week."

Though these figures seem astonishingly low, and the discrepancy between the retail prices and the prices paid to the worker makes one wonder for what exactly one is paying, these figures are well within the Board of Trade rates, and the hours, compared with the maximum number permitted in the Factory Act of 1901, are good.

In London the dressmaking trade is carried on in more than four thousand one hundred establishments, which employ some fifty-seven thousand workers, of whom more than ninety-five per cent. are women and girls. As in the tailoring industry, a greater part of the work is done in small establishments.

The two main divisions of the trade are the wholesale manufacturing branch and the retail bespoke branch.

The West End drapery stores frequently have large factories attached, which manufacture on wholesale lines for retail to individual customers. However, along with the cry of "Outworkers Wanted" is occurring the complement "Factories for Sale." Factories are being sold and many of the big establishments are supplied by small wholesale firms.

Uniformity in fashion has permitted of an increase in the wholesale trade, but, despite the economies which are secured by large-scale production on subdivisional lines, the nature of the trade insists that the small-scale wholesale merchant, working between the maker and the retail shop, must exist. The dress trade is essentially a fashion trade and demands incessantly for new designs and new models. Individual retailers can handle particular models only in small numbers. The wholesale merchant distributes and organises the production of copies of models in numerous small establishments. Therefore, although at one end of the scale are the few large factories with three hundred to four hundred workers, at the other end are

hundreds of small workshops, frequently Jewish owned, in which often there are only three or four assistants employed.

Moreover, the dressmaking trade in London employs a substantial number of home-workers, for whose services a demand can be seen every day in the Press advertisement columns. Unlike the tailoring trade, the outworker in dressmaking does not tend to become a sub-contractor, but works in her own home, usually single-handed, but at very busy times employing a girl for five or six shillings a week. The outworker is markedly affected by seasonal fluctuation, often being left for weeks with no work at all.

The rates of pay for these people are frequently amazingly low. I have first hand information of a middle-aged woman, skilled and capable, who was given ninepence by a firm in North London for a dress which had taken her practically a day to make, and they complained because she had not pressed it as well! A girl went to a Jewish contractor for work, and her hopes rose when, with an encouraging nudge, she was assured that the firm did only good work, paying never less than nine shillings. They were soon dispelled, however, when she learnt that the nine shillings was for not one dress but a dozen!

Machine-made coats with fur collars are also made for an East End contractor for ninepence each.

Two sisters, both over thirty years of age, working together, making children's embroidered and smocked crêpe de chine dresses, and selling their work directly to the owner of a small shop in Mayfair, receive three shillings and sixpence for each dress. The dresses are sold for four and a half guineas.

In the light of these facts, the demands of the Tailors and Garment Workers' Union for shorter hours, higher wages, more detailed inspection and compulsory registration for outworkers must surely receive every sympathy.

(To be concluded)

"Perfidious Albion!"

SOME REASONS FOR THE FOREIGNER'S MISUNDERSTANDING OF OUR NATIONAL CHARACTER

by D. GRAHAM HUTTON

THE post-War interest in England and the English has proved not a little embarrassing to the English themselves. Why, they ask, this sudden interest on the Continent in English modes, manners and psychology? To the Man in the Street the continual appearance of such books as Eric Cohen-Portheim's "England the Unknown Isle," or G. J. Renier's "The English—are They Human?"; or again Salvador de Madariaga's section on the English in his "Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards," has proved disconcerting and ominous. Then there are such widely sundered views of the English as that of André Siegfried in his "England's Crisis" and the Nazi Professor Ewald Banse's view in "Volk und Raum in Weltkriege." This Continental interest in the English people is a kind of concentrated post-War product; it is now at its height; but its roots lie very deep and run back very far.

All the foregoing writers are agreed upon one English characteristic—the notorious, or famous, capacity for improvisation. In Siegfried's economic study he calls it by its English name, "muddling through"; to Renier and Madariaga it is dignified with the title, "practical common sense"; in the Anglophobe Professor Banse's book it is a sinister, deliberate, farsighted and systematic *Machtspolitik*, cunningly devised and ruthlessly executed, masquerading beneath a super-

ficial—but consciously superficial—foolishness. According to Professor Banse, the English set themselves a goal and recognise no obstacle, whether of morality or of scruple or of hard fact, to their achieving it. What exactly is this apparently peculiar English faculty, and how has the universal Continental belief in it arisen?

It is both true and well known that English politics, institutions and administration subsist upon no logical foundations—logical, that is, in the sense of abstract reasoning. On the Continent social and political life, as well as its institutions, was founded originally in the autocratic principle; and this lasted over practically the entire continent, until the eighteenth century—the Age of Reason. From the time of the breakdown of the Roman Empire until the French Revolution, the Continent was mainly composed of contiguous spheres of autocratic influence, each with its final and often despotic authority; the continuous warfare of armies (but not of whole "nations in arms") merely altered the particular boundaries of those spheres; and there was never any need of compromise, either with external foes or internal dissentients, as long as that autocratic system lasted.

With the French Revolution, however, and its concomitant dispersion of liberated ideas and liberating struggles in every Continental state, there came the

belief that both political and social life could and should be regulated according to the dictates of Reason ; and so we had the prolific progeny of the eighteenth century, the written constitutions and legal codes, which grew to maturity in the nineteenth century, the century of "Reason justified of her children," the century of Liberalism in practice. We had the Continental revolutions of the '30's, of '48, and of '65 and '70 ; and at each of these the appeal to Reason and to logic (even if, as in Prussia, it was only the "logic of history") was paramount, if inarticulate.

In England, on the other hand, ever since William the Conqueror landed, the necessity for compromise was ever the primary consideration. We took Norman law and administration ; but the Normans took, in time, our language ; their kings allied with the English people against the Norman barons themselves ; and thus feudalism ended in England centuries before it finished on the Continent, while king and people's representatives met in Parliament regularly during the fifteenth century. Already in 1172 the dead hand of the Church in state affairs was thrown off ; and by the early sixteenth century the Reformation was fulfilled in England by the divorce between the universal Catholic Church and the polity of England. Again our struggle between King and Parliament was over by 1689 ; thereafter it was only a question : How should the democracy come about ? Even the supremacy of the law of England had been increasingly challenged by the parallel system of Equity which, like prætorian law in Rome, grew up alongside the formalism of the law proper because the latter did not, or could not, provide a remedy in certain cases which lay outside the formal law ; and in 1875 one supreme Court was made in which, in case of conflict between law and equity, the rules of equity, that is, of good conscience, should prevail over the bare word of the law. All these examples show the English sense of compromise and of common-sense dealing. They exemplify the English genius for dealing with a situation as it arises, in its setting, and apart from theory or principle ; they explain why the Englishman's criterion always is : Does it, on the whole, work ?

But this improvisation also explains why England's policies have earned her the epithet "perfidious" ; why Professor Banse hates the English for their pertinacity ; why Siegfried admires their apparently eternal aptitude for engineering another new compromise ; why, dealing with affairs of Chance, the English refuse to be ruled by static theory, why they remain at heart profound sceptics, renouncing the perfect and the ideal, and "putting up with" makeshifts. It explains why, as Banse admits, the Germans, lulled by assurances from their General Staff, were dumb-founded at the strength, both in men and munitions, which England achieved by 1917. It also explains why conscription did not come in England until 1916 ; and why the General Strike collapsed in 1926. It was in this vein of adaptation and improvisation that Castle-reagh rallied the shattered Quadruple Alliance at Chaumont in 1814, with a subsidy of £5,000,000 per annum till victory was won ; and, within a year, the Quadruple Alliance broke Napoleon, while the money

was never even the cause of bickering ; it was a gift for a purpose, and the purpose was achieved. It explains, again, the sharp criticisms to which English socialism has always been subjected ; why Marx doubted if the English worker would be a successful revolutionary ; and why, when most of the Continent has gone down before autocracy disguised as authoritarian (or "totalitarian"), the majority of the country still supports a National Government on democratic lines ; and it explains further why the preponderating element in that Government, the Conservative party, dare not attempt to convert its position to a party predominance. In fact, there is a sense of the right thing, the fair thing, of the need for social give-and-take and of "do-as-you-would-be-done-by" in the bulk of the English people which makes the Continental envy the cohesion of this nation in times of crisis. The Continental ascribes it to the notion of a "gentleman" ; to our public school code ; to the sport fetish ; to anything.

It is none of these causes which counts, though all co-operate. Very few are aware of what constitutes gentlemen ; fewer still go to public schools ; we watch as much as we take part in sport ; the socialist never dreams of abolishing the monarchy ; the worker will not vote for violence ; even strikes are a gentlemanly affair. Our state education is literally "years" behind that of Germany, Holland, or Switzerland ; and our public schools, the best in the land, are similarly behind the French *lycée* in each particular age-group. But the entire British press stands as one man and cries with one voice, whether against its own rulers or those of another country, if a single journalist is denied the right to freedom of expression within English columns. Against what is considered unfair or "not done," both Government and people are like to turn from their friends or allies, and earn the term "perfidious" all over again, as they recently have from Germany after a decade of manifest sympathy.

This is not avaricious opportunism. It is a mixture compounded of tolerance and practical improvisation. To the Continental visitor who complains that England merely cultivates flat mediocrity in all spheres we can only answer : Most are like that, but if there is the faintest chance of a genius among us, he can win out and rise to unrestrained limits. That is to say, we prefer our natural mediocrity, if it be one, to a state-decreed mediocrity with rigid boundaries, even for the geniuses ! It gives us our chances. That is why there is at present little scope for fascism, in any form, in England. And that is why we remain that paradox in Europe—the most united and communal nation of convinced individualists ! We even believe in our system enough to reject dictatorship, whether from the Right or the Left ; and until the English Man in the Street is persuaded that his fellow in Russia, Germany or Italy is really better off, as an individual, it will be hard to convert both him and his scepticism into enthusiastic followers of any leader !

SCOTTISH NATIONALISM

by Alan M. Wells

A PERSONAL VIEW

THE Nationalist movement in Scotland is something about which the average Englishman knows little and cares less. It is necessary to convince him not merely of its importance but of its existence.

This is hard to do, and I propose here at first to assume it, with the bare assertion that what is active in a few minds in Scotland is dormant in almost all. I have consulted with many of the more sensible—which is to say the quieter sort of Scots people—and have found that although most of them would reject the name of nationalism, they were one and all convinced of the truth of a great deal of the nationalist case. Their rejection of the name is accounted for by the fact that the movement is at present represented largely by a group of people more remarkable for enthusiasm and self-importance than for political sagacity or the power of co-operation, who by their disagreements and the exorbitance of their demands both for themselves and for Scotland have made a laughing-stock of nationalism and done immense damage to the cause which they profess to represent, by frightening away people of judgment and reputation. The fact that Scottish nationalism has, I believe, a future is due to one major fact and several minor ones, which derive their importance as national issues from the first.

This one prime factor fortunately it is impossible to deny, namely the existence of Scotland as a self-conscious nation, to which anyone can testify who has spent an hour in a gathering predominantly Scottish. If therefore there are problems affecting Scotland with which the British Parliament will not or cannot deal, or for which the solution would be different if Scotland were considered separately, then each of these becomes a reason for nationalism, though not necessarily for complete separation.

The first of such problems is the minority problem, as represented by the Glasgow Irish. In a country of nearly fifty million inhabitants, the incursion of a few hundred thousand people with lower standards of life and different traditions means nothing. In a country of four or five millions it may threaten the life of the people for generations, and this is in fact what almost all Scots people feel about the Irish. What the solution of this problem may be is not at the moment the point. The point is that the solution is different if Scotland is considered alone from what it is if Great Britain is considered as a whole, and that Scotland has neither the machinery nor the power to obtain the solution which she would desire.

This brings us to a second main problem—the neglect of specifically Scottish problems by Parliament, not owing to indifference or hostility, but to mere pressure of business. Legislation by postscript (“This Act shall also apply to Scotland”), grafted upon the distinct and admittedly often superior Scottish legal system, creates frequent and absurd anomalies, which only receive mention in the English Press when a distinguished English tourist comes up against some provision of the Road Traffic Act as applied in Scotland. This is naturally a situation which can only be cured by separate legislation for Scotland.

A third set of problems is connected with the crisis of capitalism. It necessitates reorganisation of industry,

and this is carried out from London, in the interests of Great Britain as a whole. But though it may often be better for the country as a whole if the Scottish branch of an industry is closed down in favour of the English one, this can hardly ever be to the benefit of Scotland. Yet it has occurred in many cases, and will probably continue to occur while the present state of affairs continues, and forms an obvious grievance for the Scotsman who, even if he is able to follow his job to England, feels himself there an exile and a foreigner for the rest of his days.

Again, there is a grievance in connection with taxation which cannot be solved without transference of the seat of government. This is that taxation which is raised in Scotland is expended in salaries mainly in England, though of course not mainly for the benefit of England. But the mere fact that such large sums circulate in England rather than Scotland would nowadays be regarded as a legitimate cause of complaint.

This, finally, brings us near to a more indefinite, but probably not less weighty grievance, which is that the typical products in art and thought of the Scottish people, in which there has been a significant revival during the last decade, is deprived of its legitimate direct influence upon the forms and policies of Scottish government. In England it is swamped in the national life of England, if indeed it can ever come to full fruition. In Scotland it languishes in a backwater, deprived of the stimulation of contact with the centre of affairs.

The existence of this typically Scottish genius is a fascinating topic, but one with which it is obviously impossible to deal here. The writings of C. M. Grieve deal with it in an interesting way, and his pamphlet, “Albyn, or The Future of Scotland,” contains some of the references by which it may be further pursued. We have not so much genius in these islands that we can afford to crush out of existence, or deprive of the necessities of life, one entire section of it.

From the lowest point of view, therefore, it would appear that Scottish problems require separate treatment, and from one slightly more idealistic there would appear to be the necessity of putting into the hands of a self-conscious nation the means of self-help and self-expression. It remains to be discussed what form and degree of separation from England will be needed.

Here nationalists disagree, and the more sober members of the community are silent lest they may be thought to support their intemperate compatriots. It would however be even more distressing to one who, like myself, is of mixed blood, than at present were the solution found to be based on anything other than co-operation within a larger unit. Separatism seems to me like amputation, absorption cannibalism, and those to whom I have spoken on either side, when they have consented to discuss the problem seriously, have for the most part agreed. It is, in fact, my experience and belief that for the majority of Scotsmen the principal objection to nationalism consists of the separatist doctrines of the present extremist leaders. Thus their own more reasonable demands remain without adequate expression. It would be regrettable should English indifference range them on the side of the extremists.

A CHAMPION OF SCOTTISH NATIONALISM

Compton Mackenzie

as seen by Coia



“Scotland is stirring : in Scotland they say
That Compton Mackenzie will be king one day”
—W. H. Auden, *The Orators*

STEPHEN POTTER

Who has recently edited the "Nonesuch"
Edition of Coleridge, gives his reflections

On Editing Coleridge

IS there an epic of text editing? Has anyone ever described the strange experiences of those who bring out editions of other people's books? A preliminary encounter with this world has shown it full of surprises, adventures and paradoxes, and I have learnt to curse the rigid unwritten laws of editorial good manners which impose an ascetic restraint, an unnatural self-effacement on the commentator, limiting him to gentlemanly remarks on sources, or graceful acknowledgments of the work of his predecessors. The general public has a strong belief that poets are poets and editors are editors, whose comments, if any, are best hidden away at the back of the book, where nobody will read them. I have longed for an opportunity not only to give my own succinct criticisms, but to explain the pleasures and the extraordinary pains of book-editing.

For now at last I understand why it is that editors as a race are considered pedantic, cynical, desiccated and quarrelsome. I can see now why a sane and educated university gentleman, annotating the "Midsummer Night's Dream," can write against the lines:

"And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green":

the following note:

"orbs . . . generally 'fairy rings' and supposed to be created by the growth of a species of fungus, *Agaricus Orcades* (Linn.). These circles are usually from four to eight feet broad, etc."

It is simply that the conditions under which editors, and the conditions under which creative authors work, are strikingly different.

Think for instance of the *mise en scène*—for Coleridge, the Quantock Hills; for me, libraries, the British Museum Reading Room, with stable dome, stabilised air, stabilised attendants, and the books all of unified, museum quality. For me, the Coleridge volume of the catalogue permanently in place, and the appalling precision with which, after a year's practice, I can open it at exactly the right place.

Think of the meticulously guarded manuscripts, the quality of sacrosanctity, so that I almost say to the attendant who brings me the folio: "Look! This is Coleridge's handwriting." It all leads to the wrong kind of curiosity and the wrong kind of reverence. The scale of work too, the hours of labour, which seem of factory-children dimensions. The time expended begins to loom so much larger than one's subject.

Yet there are compensating pleasures. There is the great objective satisfaction of the completed book. Early rough notes replaced by a moderately clean typescript. Then the galleys, and the first sight of the beautifully impersonal print. Then the incredible compression into the packets of page proofs, and finally, after the last gleaning and tidying, the book itself, and spoilt "copy," mistypings, tattered streamers of

galleys are all reduced to their essence in the compact new volume.

And then, if only the editor can keep his head above water, the most exciting thing for him is likely to be his relation with the edited, which, if his subject is Coleridge, is certain to pass through a whole cycle of changes. At first, however conscientious his preliminary studies may have been, somewhere in his head will be the kind of preconceptions he will have picked up from school, bookloving aunt or the literary articles in newspapers. In the Coleridge part of his memory will be floating phrases . . . two or three things of pure gold, the rest dross . . . 1798 . . . Lyrical Ballads . . . Dorothy Wordsworth and her Journal. . . . Coleridge taking poetic images from her (interesting fact) . . . poetic diction, C. right, Wordsworth wrong. . . . "Kubla Khan"—due to drugs . . . C.'s prose works boring—especially metaphysical works . . . tremendous pity he gave up poetry for this, of course . . . due probably to bottom half of face, well known to be weaker than the top . . . never used talents—due to drugs . . . but marvellous at table-talk . . . but Carlyle—cynical account . . . philosopher of Highgate, etc.

Then, as one reads, the preconceptions fade, and a new Coleridge appears—or new Coleridges, for the uncovering of one aspect generally seems to reveal a different and unexpected one beneath. Until at last some sort of final opinion comes, one appreciates or knows Coleridge up to one's capacity—sees oneself in him.

But no final judgments must be expressed by the editor of selections. He must try and include all sides and satisfy all tastes. Supposing for instance I had followed the tendency of my generation to regard what Coleridge called the "theologico-metaphysical" part of his work as waste effort, as a desire to bring his philosophical beliefs into line with a comfortable Christianity—if I had left all this out, what a fool (I now realise after careful reading) I might be making of myself in the eyes of a possible reader of fifty years hence, when common-sense criteria may be less in evidence.

Then the psychological criticism of Shakespeare, which the nineteenth century found so profound, seemed to me (if I may speak privately) to have lost much of its point now that we all have it rammed down our throat from boyhood that there is more in Shakespeare's characters than meets the eye, that Hamlet is something less simple than melancholy, Falstaff really a kind of Nietzsche, etc. Besides it is all in A. C. Bradley, even in Jung. One forgets that the source of a new school of criticism is always inexplicably more valuable than its travel-stained estuaries of proof and logical demonstration.

"Biographia Literaria" of course must be included—though everyone is sick of the poetic diction arguments in it. Not that the questions involved are no longer valid, but the whole thing has to be read

very much in terms of the date when it was written. The book is distasteful because, as Coleridge says on the first page, it is an exculpation; it is soaked in the atmosphere of self-defence, of a man standing up for himself, trying to prove himself honest and mildly wise in the face of virulently unfair attacks. This, much more than the padding, or the lack of plan, destroys the book. Some of Coleridge's best sentences are here, likely to be passed over again and again by the maddened reader.

Is the best of Coleridge then to be found in the "Table Talk"? Under this cynical title are collected records of the tremendous outpourings, of the inspired monologue for which he was chiefly famous among his contemporaries. This most celebrated of his works seems mysteriously again to fall short of expectation. The enthusiasm and sincerity of truly eloquent speech are difficult things to capture. Nor are two very serious and very reverent young disciples—Allsop and H. N. Coleridge—the right men to do it, especially if they only reproduce the snippets which they think best, and round off selected "good remarks" into a pompously periodic form. A series of grave apophthegms is the result; the Colridgian torrent is Boswellised.

What is the best Coleridge? I jump forward eagerly at an opportunity of saying what I should select from my would-be impartial selection. I believe that there is a strange, new, absorbing Coleridge which is still only partly discovered. The reader will get the clue when I suggest that it is to be found in those parts of his work which were not written for publication. In the letters, that is to say, and the notebooks.

The letters are not "good" letters. No literary anthologist would choose them. With Coleridge, feeling was always intense and accompanied by an uncontrollable impulse to find relief in words. "We are soothed by communications," he says, apologising, and the result for us is a revelation, not of humour, not of charm, but of a new character. These words must be taken in their right significance. It is not the skilful presentation of a sympathetically described and rigidly adhered to "Character" of the kind demonstrated in the letters of Charles Lamb. It is not simply that Coleridge was a richly complex and continuously evolving man, containing in himself many "Characters." It is that Coleridge was *conscious*, that Coleridge was *expressive*, as few people have been before. He wore his heart almost permanently on his sleeve. His feelings, his wishes were much too powerful to make composure or suavity or gentlemanly reticence even remotely possible.

Take an early letter. He wishes to become a neighbour of his friend Poole; but there is a hitch. Poole thinks that Nether Stowey would be an unsuitable place for the Coleridges to settle in. C. at once takes offence. But does he post off to Poole a restrained note, a dignified inquiry? Not at all. Three long letters of agonised pleading follow on each other's heels: "Mrs. Coleridge has observed the workings of my face while I have been writing, and is entreating to know what is the matter."

Or again—the scenery of the Lakes pleases Coleridge, but his health suffers. Almost every letter of 1801 has some beautifully observant page of description of

the mountains—and two pages of a detailed, self-com-miserating list of some very mundane symptoms.

Charles Lamb, stunned by the tragedy of his sister's madness, asks for a letter of comfort. Coleridge obliges with gusto, and dispatches three long epistolary sermons, obviously enjoying the opportunity of a good preach.

A final example—Coleridge is annoyed with his wife. They get on each other's nerves. With matchless disregard for those laws of psychology which he could demonstrate so comprehendingly in his lectures, he writes her a long letter of hints for future conduct, with a thirdly, fourthly, fifthly:

'Permit me, my dear Sara, without offence to you, as Heaven knows! it is without any feeling of pride in myself, to say, that in six acquirements, and in the quantity and quality of natural endowments whether of feeling, or of intellect, you are the inferior . . .'

And then the advice ends with the following incomparable sentence:

"You know Sally Pally! I must have a joke or it would not be me!"

Poor Mrs. Coleridge! But another set of examples could show a Coleridge of real understanding and real affection. He can express the contradictoriness of reality, and all his weaknesses seem to be robbed of perniciousness by the freedom with which he gives himself away. In this half-unconscious self-analysis a new kind of person is described.

All this may seem strangely blame-like praise for a great genius—and indeed what is most truly valuable in Coleridge I have not yet tried to express. Paradoxically, I think, it turns out in the end to be his philosophy. Not the metaphysics for which he "gave up poetry." His place in the History of British Philosophy—that is to say his merits as a metaphysician of the schools—is minor indeed. He takes about ninth place among the English idealists, the shadow and plagiarist of his Teutonic betters. But as a philosopher in the sense of a truly conscious being, an individual, a man who creates his own values, who can express as he does (under the names Reason and Understanding), the difference between two orders of knowledge—as a man who is capable of experience and of the growth and development consequent on the consciousness of such experience—in this sense of the word philosopher, Coleridge is one of the five or six Englishmen who have gained the right to such a name. And again, it is in the half hidden thoughts among his letters or notes scribbled haphazard in the pages of a commonplace book, that the evidence of this is to be found. It is one of Coleridge's most invariable traits that he could not write when there was an "ought" in the air. Conversely, the thought that what he was writing formed no part of a set work, that it would most likely never be preserved, seemed to give him powers of comprehension which were almost divine.

These are some of the aspects which the student of Coleridge thinks, in turn, to be the "real," the "essential" part of him. And these too may be discarded when deeper study gives a different knowledge.

Yvonne Printemps,

The famous French Actress who appears in London this month, considers that

The Stage is Not Dead

WE may imagine a dispute between the nine Muses as to the relative advantages and drawbacks of the arts over which they preside. And Thalia, Melpomene, Terpsichore and Euterpe could each put forward a very good claim to outstripping the others



Yvonne Printemps

in present popularity, but they have one and all paid a very big price for their passing esteem.

True, we have improved the presentation of plays out of all recognition. Our lighting is superb, while the modern scene-painter has given to the painted scene a quality of its own which we cannot but respect. He has raised it to the rank of a silent though often an eloquent, and sometimes a leading character in the play. Scenery has indeed been known to interest the audience far more than even the actors could manage to do. Nevertheless no art ever known has grown greater by the elaboration of machinery. And that has been, I fear, the main part of our dramatic progress. It has been a progress in scenography, not in dramatic art.

Where are the dancers of classical days? What can we hope to recapture of the music that delighted the Greeks? Even if the instruments that made it were not dumb, our ears would be insensible to its beauty. Can we hope again to rival Shakespeare, that supreme artist, working adventurously but sanely within a medium which, crude in its material resource, became at his touch great in its simplicity? Undoubtedly the cloud that has set on all art to-day has fallen more particularly on the drama. For drama exists in its fullness only in its interpretation. And it aims—for this it must—at spontaneous appreciation. No leisurely perusal, no turning back over the leaves when we follow the performance of a play. Further, the dramatist counts on far more than the intelligent repetition of his words by the actors. He relies on the unwritten language of gesture, emotion; and in the understanding of that language, time and circumstance are important factors. But the dramatist also depends above all on the general acceptance of certain conventions. All art implies convention, and if with regard to the apparently simple art of the theatre we are

unconscious of the current convention, it only means that its transgression will disturb us the more.

And here is the difficulty with the present-day theatre. For ten years or more actors have ignored the conventions. Like all the rest of mankind, they have imagined that success was easy to attain, and that the achievement of greatness on the stage was within the reach of everyone. For this lowering of standard, moreover, the public was mainly responsible. Once the War was over the public wished to forget, to enjoy life at any cost. It mattered little if the fare that was given them was of indifferent quality. So long as a play was full of action or pandered to this or that craze, and the actors or actresses were attractive enough, its success was assured. For the world had lost its critical faculty and simply needed novelty—a novel craze or treatment of sex and life.

I think we have reached the end of this stagnant, dead period, and that the theatre henceforth will gradually be restored to its former excellence. I say this in face of the cinema, which so many dramatists consider the greatest enemy of the stage. For the talking film has no relation to the theatre, and the stage and screen can thrive side by side, each with its own public.

The theatre will once more become an *Art*, an ideal, to which we will be, if we are not now, ever seeking to rise, *une passion* which when it once gets you is there for good, an end for which we work with every fibre and nerve, and every ounce of intellectual and emotional energy.

I am told that the prospects of the stage have never been so low, that there are numerous good actors out of work because theatres find it difficult to draw large houses. I refuse to believe that the really *good actors* cannot get engagements. Before the War only those men and women whose talents really lay that way took up acting as a profession. To-day it has often been the refuge of men and women who were at a loss how to fill up their existence. Now that the reaction has set in towards a higher standard of excellence, I am sure that you will find that there will no longer be *good actors out of work*. For in no profession is merit and talent so certain of winning appreciation.

To succeed on the stage, as I conceive of success, is consequently a very difficult undertaking. All the great actors and actresses whom I have met have had to work hard for their success. They have just lived for their art. On one occasion Lucien Guitry was asked by an admirer if it was difficult to achieve success on the stage, and he answered: "No, it is not difficult. It is impossible."

All really great artists have been modest because they have always been learning something new and always finding out their own limitations. Nearly every day that I act I learn something worth learning. Isn't that one of the great charms of life? *C'est un grand bonheur d'acquiescer*. The only time the actress really lives to the full is when she is interpreting a great play. Life is "*l'attente pour jouer le soir*," the constant preparation and prelude for the play at night, when we become the prism through which all light must pass. There is nothing comparable with the joy and happiness of acting, but it is something that should never be taken lightly, for it is a pilgrimage that never comes to an end.

Brief Chronicles : Theatre

There would be no difficulty at all in getting a National Theatre if only we knew precisely what we were asking for. There is no real financial difficulty. Numbers of determined people in the past have known very clearly what they wanted in the shape of National Art Galleries and National Laboratories and National Libraries, and extracted them from flabbergasted politicians by barefaced lying and an exalted use of the confidence trick. For in the first place no national gallery or laboratory or any other institution remotely connected with cultural matters has the faintest claim to be called national except to the extent that it is a national fraud. The average taxpayer in this country could not distinguish between a page of the Lindisfarne Gospels and the label from a bottle of beer, save for the fact that he makes a practice of reading the latter while he has probably seen the former for less than seconds in his whole lifetime; and yet he quite cheerfully pays for the upkeep of no less than four metropolitan art galleries and dozens of provincial imitations, to say nothing of a whole host of museums and libraries and research stations and what-not, of which he knows nothing and cares less. And this providential state of affairs exists because nobody has yet been able to persuade the Englishman to take his income tax seriously. He contentedly hands over anything from a third to three-quarters of his total income to be spent in a manner which he has never investigated on enterprises which he will never understand in support of activities from which he will never benefit. If his wife handled her house-keeping money in a similar manner, he would divorce her.

In the October of last year, Miss Nancy Price told me that she could not start a new season of her "People's National Theatre" until somebody had subscribed four hundred pounds to the purpose. Now the obvious way to finance a people's national theatre is to apply to the people's National Exchequer, but Miss Nancy Price, being a realist as well as a very good business woman (a paradoxical combination), did nothing of the sort. She knew quite clearly that she was so far from wanting a national theatre that she would probably object to hiring a theatre outside the postal district of W.1; and she also knew to her cost that the percentage of the forty-seven millions of Britons who would come to her theatre would probably be too small to pay her running expenses.

With rare divination she saw that the public likes nothing better than being bullied (that is why we are never likely to change from democracy to a dictatorship), so she proceeded to dragoon it into financing her theatre with all the talent of a sergeant-major, and a command of invective which would make him green with envy. Please note that as a result she is running two highly successful productions in London at the moment which do not differ in the least from the regular run of West End plays at this time of the year, and that the London playgoing public is clearly shown to be ready to subscribe to anything provided it is not told too clearly what it is all about.

Now that I have made clear my debt to Nancy Price, I will proceed to put forward a method of securing inside three months the sort of thing which supporters of the idea of a "national theatre" are really wanting. I except such people as Herbert Farjeon, who recently proclaimed that one of the functions of the "National Theatre" would be to regularly exhibit "dramatic classics which may no longer be seen in the commercial theatre because they are no longer commercially profitable." A play is a thing spoken and acted in front of a number of people, the majority of whom are required to remain in the theatre until at least the second interval before the piece can be said to be a play at all. And to say that a play is a classic when the educated population of this country cannot be persuaded to sit it through at any price is about

PLAN FOR A THEATRE

by AUBREY MENON

as sensible as saying that a woman is a fine singer despite the fact that not even her own family can be persuaded to listen to her without itching to throw her through the drawing-room window. In the theatre I am proposing playwrights will be expected to write plays which will at least pay their way, precisely as an actor is expected to know enough about his job to avoid being booed off the stage every time he makes an entrance. A play which appeals to five hundred pounds worth of theatre-goers must cost five hundred pounds and not a penny more; that is the first principle of sound business and, in the theatre, the first principle of good art as well.

Our audience must be recruited on a nation-wide basis. That is to say, we must include all the theatrically-minded people in that percentage of the population which is capable of enjoying a pursuit of a slightly higher intellectual level than dog-racing. There is no evidence that they exist; most London theatres have never attempted to find out. But assuming that they do exist, and wisely marking the methods of Miss Nancy Price, we next proceed to organise them. I believe that many years ago there was a committee for the foundation of a national theatre: it produced

a book. Our committee (assume that we have formed one) will be considerably more useful and do nothing but produce an audience. The various people up and down the country who think about such things would suddenly find themselves faced with an invitation to join the district association for (as it will inevitably and quite wrongly be called) the National Theatre. And instead of having to subscribe a shilling a month to the upkeep of a theatre quite possibly a two-pound rail fare away (thus making the price of his seat at his own theatre so fantastically out of proportion that only a millionaire and a half-wit could or would pay it), he would learn that his district association would be visited in the near future by a company of actors roughly about the size which his association could afford to pay for.

The next thing that must be made very clear is that the theatre we are organising is not a theatre at all. The theatre with a proscenium and the usual plan of seats is designed for the maximum of inaudibility combined in most cases with the certainty that one third of the seats command less than half of the stage. Reinhart however used a circus tent. So shall we. Bertram Mills at his Olympia circus provides us with the perfect example of a clear stage with a good view, good audibility and infinite dramatic possibilities.

Finally, we have to arrange for the inevitable deficit (even allowing for the sale of seats to non-members which is the mainstay of any successful theatrical association, and which should be its main object). Now, when a political party holds a demonstration, say in Trafalgar Square, it is financed in this way. Just before the collection is taken up, the speaker says something particularly provocative, which sets half the crowd booing and the other half cheering itself hoarse to drown the boos. In the midst of the hullabaloo the speaker frantically gesticulates for people to throw money at him. The cheering section of the crowd dives into its pockets just to show the booing section that it means what it is cheering for, and the booing section, feeling that a slur has been simultaneously cast upon its sincerity and its financial solvency, promptly joins in the general hail of money. Twice during the performance of "On the Rocks," Mr. Nicholas Hannen was stopped by loud and continuous applause. I felt most deeply that in view of the half empty house, the least Mr. Macdona could have done was to have sent two stage hands on with a sheet.

Ultimately we shall have to turn (as I have shown we can) to the Government: but in the meantime, we have this plan for getting our audience, our theatre, and earning an honest penny to pay the cost. What do you think of it?

Brief Chronicles : Music

Three years ago London was no fit place for the musical to live in, yet to-day, so far as orchestral concerts are concerned, it is one of the most satisfactory cities in the world. This state of affairs is due solely to the activities of one man. Unmusical London is not turned into musical London by Sir Thomas Beecham's presence any more than a chalk-pit becomes a gold mine if you bury a couple of ingots in it. London is neither more nor less musical than it was; but it does happen to be sheltering a conductor of genius and a first-class orchestra. London, in fact, is a pleasanter place to live in, simply on account of Beecham's Thursday and Sunday concerts, than many other cities more musical at heart.

He has given us some great things during the past three months, performances which live in the memory, from the monumental structure of the Eroica Symphony to the hard-edged brilliance of Rossini's "La Scala di Seta"; there have been great achievements of collaboration with soloists, as with Mr. Tertis in Berlioz's "Harold in Italy," and there have been single-minded resurrections of half-scorned works, as, for instance, the first symphony of Schumann. His orchestra this year has been a delight.

The brass is improved out of all recognition, the strings are lucid and supple, yielding to the conductor's slightest touch, the woodwind make a compact little band playing in unison with an excellent balance of tone and dazzling with their solo efforts; and the spirit and skill of the whole orchestra may be said to be reflected in the person of Mr. Bradshaw, that superlative drummer. Both he and the orchestra are worthy of each other, and the same might be said of almost every other member of it in relation to the whole.

And the orchestra itself is already worthy of its conductor. If anybody three or four years ago had prophesied that in three years' time London would have an orchestra worthy of the greatest of living conductors he would have been regarded as a lunatic; and yet this has happened, and the conductor in question is responsible for it.

I called Sir Thomas the greatest living conductor. Actually I suppose he is one of the two greatest. It certainly would not be worth quarrelling with anybody who cared to put Toscanini first. They are both on a different plane from all other conductors; and since I have heard Toscanini chiefly in opera and Beecham chiefly in orchestral music, it is impossible for me to compare them point by point.

However, this article is not intended as a panegyric of Beecham so much as a little quarrel with some of his detractors. I refer to those who are pained by the fluency of his gestures. There are critics, and they seem to be in the majority, who hold that the only criterion of good conducting is immobility of stance. I do not think they would put it quite like that themselves, but the notion is implicit in their writings—that the perfect conductor is he who uses one hand only, and that in nothing but a simple up and down movement, who stands erect as a Lombardy poplar and manifests no visible signs of interest in what the orchestra is playing. In support of this extraordinary and far-fetched belief, certain eminent conductors are cited who do happen to stand fairly still—Weingartner for instance, and Toscanini himself. Beecham on the contrary is happiest in action, and in consequence is attacked for his posturing.

Admittedly there are lesser men than Sir Thomas who are given to throwing themselves about on the rostrum, some of them inevitably, some of them irrelevantly; and with these lesser men it may sometimes be difficult to differentiate the inevitable from the assumed. But how anybody of sensibility can fail to perceive the inevitability of Beecham's gestures, which are music, passes the comprehension.

I suppose I had better make it clear at once that in speaking of "inevitability" in this context I am not saying that Sir Thomas or anybody else is oblivious of his gestures

A CONDUCTOR OF GENIUS

by EDWARD CRANKSHAW

and poses, that on the rostrum he falls into a sort of animated cataleptic trance. By "inevitable" I mean simply that they are the logical and appropriate expression of the man's personality. The trouble is that Sir Thomas's personality differs extensively from that of the average Englishman; he has aplomb, he has abandon and he is something of an actor. And this is important, for the gentlemen who object to his freedom of gesture are about to suggest that he is insincere—the use of superfluous gesture indicates a certain theatricality, they say. And who could say more? This comes from the strange belief among simple minds (and by simple I do not mean mentally deficient, but merely the sort of mind whose strength lies in straightforwardness instead of complexity), that perfect sincerity of expression is incompatible with calculated working for effect; in other words, that no musician is sincere who is not completely lost to the wide and unconscious of his audience and of the effect he is making. This particular kind of oblivion (which undoubtedly exists in some artists) they confuse with engrossment in one's subject (which is a very different thing, and which must be found in every artist). In short, theatricality is confused with insincerity.

It is this confusion, I imagine, that is at the back of the current derogation of Wagner; and the stupid part of it is that complaints of Wagner's theatricality (in life as well as in art) are met with stout denials of it. But of course he was theatrical, and Beecham in his way is theatrical too; but what of it? The Italians as a nation are theatrical, but nobody dreams of accusing the Italians of insincerity. Their whole conception of reality is coloured by the dramatic sense of life. Critics in this country, however, postulate that Sir Thomas is something of an actor, and are at once led to the ineluctable conclusion that Sir Thomas is not quite sincere. Of course he is an actor; and the only worth-while point his detractors could make would be proof that he is an insincere actor. And this has never been done.

Actually he is even more of a dancer than an actor. To watch him conducting "Tapiola" is an extraordinary experience; there are none of the celebrated lightning stabs and parries. He stands above the orchestra and draws from it great rhythmic waves of sound, dark and profound. The dance he does to that music is poignant in the extreme. The whole body seems relaxed; the arms are relaxed as they are flung heavily up and down in time to those insistent bass waves. One feels that the conductor is not commanding but obeying; that the music forces him to reluctant gesture, and is thus made visible for the orchestra to understand. I was more than a little awed during that particular performance. Of the state of Sir Thomas's mind during it I have not the remotest conception. He may have produced every slightest shade of meaning in icy, calculating blood, commanding himself and the orchestra from without, as it were. He may have submitted utterly to the music, allowing the heart to rule the intellect. Be that as it may, he was living the music, and in his gestures it was visibly dramatised. To me he looked like Petrouchka.

It seems to me slightly silly to talk of Sir Thomas or any other great conductor in terms of normal, uncomplicated life. A man who can completely enter into the mind not of one or two other men, but of a score of widely different personalities, is not to be spoken of as a *poseur*; he is merely revealing now one face, now another of incredibly complex personality, a personality which has as many real aspects as a fine-cut diamond. He does not pose; for the time being he *is* whatever he cares to be. But always he is on the watch as well, always coolly calculating. And I suppose it is this capacity to calculate in the middle of excitement, to rule white-hot emotion with an icy-cold intellect, which is so feared by the "plain, straightforward Englishman."

Brief Chronicles : Films

The spotlight this month cannot be kept from "The Private Life of Henry VIII," which is due for general release on February 19th, though in some districts it may not get shown until the beginning of March. "Without the Charles Laughton picture," wrote the Studio Correspondent of the *Cinema* in a recent issue of this trade journal, "Broadway would still raise a cynical eyebrow at the mention of the English picture industry." I do not suggest that Broadway is quite impartial on this subject, for American film interests have never been very anxious to welcome British products into their home market. Still, "Henry VIII" has shaken up foreign critics not only in America but on the Continent. It has also shaken up a good many amateur critics in this country, who have written indignantly to their favourite newspaper to ask why a Hungarian director (Alexander Korda) should be allowed to come here and launch cheap insults at the British monarchical tradition.

Before Mr. Korda is torn to pieces, a few dates need to be remembered. It is true that Mr. Laughton's Henry is a burly, imperious animal, and that Henry as a young man was fond of music and wrote a little poetry. But the film starts with the execution of Anne Boleyn, which occurred in 1536, when Henry was forty-five and had been on the throne for twenty-seven years. His long struggle with the Pope about his divorce, the fall of Wolsey, the dissolution of the monasteries—all this lay behind him. Mr. Laughton is required to play a middle-aged Henry, and his portrait may not be very exaggerated.

Probably the scene that has caused most resentment is the banquet scene, in which Henry tears a chicken to pieces with his fingers and throws the fragments over his shoulders. Well—Tudor manners were not very nice by our standards. Indeed, I think that Henry's habits in the picture are probably more realistic than his palace, which looks rather too clean and shining.

The film's most serious weakness is its lack of a coherent dramatic plot. As the title indicates, national events are barely touched on; we are shown simply a series of domestic episodes concerned with Henry's successive wives—the pitiable Anne (Merle Oberon); the lovely Jane Seymour (Wendy Barrie), who dies after giving birth to Prince Edward; the clever, ugly Ann of Cleves (Elsa Lanchester); the faithless Katheryn Howard (Binnie Barnes); and the motherly, managing Katherine Parr (Everley Gregg). The cast also includes Franklyn Dyall, Miles Mander and Robert Donat, but no one but Henry has many acting opportunities—and Henry's opportunities are the making of the picture. Mr. Laughton's Henry

"THE PRIVATE LIFE OF HENRY VIII"

has tremendous vitality; he strides through the film, dominating every moment of it with his bellowing laughter, his sudden fits of anger, his gargantuan appetites. This Henry is not a statesman but certainly a ruler, who becomes pathetic in his enfeebled old age.

There might be more open-air scenes—a superb hawking sequence is almost the only one—and the whole production must be regarded as to some extent a magnificent stunt, much more immediately dazzling than lastingly impressive. Also, it should be observed that a film directed by a Hungarian and photographed by a Frenchman (Georges Perinal) can hardly be acclaimed as evidence of pure British genius. But our native geniuses may well feel grateful for the handsome advertisement "Henry" has given to the entire British film industry.

I must now turn back to the beginning of the month. The best of the February 5th releases is "Friday the Thirteenth"—a Gaumont production directed by Victor Saville. Two passengers in a crowded London bus are killed in an accident—why those two? It is the same question that Brother Juniper asked in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey";

Mr. Saville answers it by means of a series of flash-backs sketching the circumstances of each passenger in turn. There are rather too many episodes, each of them too short to gather much dramatic weight; but the mixture is very cunningly blended and skilfully served. A long cast includes nearly all the Gaumont stars; I particularly liked Edmund Gwenn as a harassed business man, and Emlyn Williams as a sleek young blackmailer.

Of the other February 5th releases, "Accidents Wanted" (M.G.M., with Lee Tracy) is a lively and quite amusing tale of a crooked lawyer's skirmishes with a City corporation; and "The Masquerader" (United Artists) presents Ronald Colman in an adaptation of Katherine Thurston's novel, "John Chilcote, M.P.," about a drunken politician impersonated by his cousin, who resembles him like a twin and wants to save his reputation.

The following week brings "Dinner at Eight"—Marie Dressler and most of the M.G.M. stars in a polished, highly efficient version of this American tragi-comedy. Again the action winds through a series of separate episodes, raising more questions than it answers.

During the last week of the month you will have a choice between Conrad Veidt, in "The Wandering Jew," and George Arliss, in "The Affairs of Voltaire." Temple Thurston's melodrama is a queer mixture of costume pageantry and religious emotionalism, but it gains power towards the end, and in this British film version the Seville scenes are well done. Veidt's performance as the Jew is quiet and forcible, suggesting at times how much more could be got out of the play's deeply suggestive theme.

"Voltaire" is concerned ostensibly with the Calas case, but there is no attempt at historical accuracy. The film is nothing but a comedy of intrigue, lavishly costumed, with Madame de Pompadour hiding in a closet. Mr. Arliss reels off the stilted dialogue with a flourish; he wears a wig but remains himself. However, I should say that the picture's pre-release was a great success, and many devoted admirers of Mr. Arliss evidently enjoyed it thoroughly.

As an alternative for this last week of February, I would prefer to recommend either "This Day and Age"—Charles Bickford in a rather extravagant but exciting tale of American high-school boys battling with gangsters, directed by Cecil de Mille; or "Ring Up the Curtain"—Frank Morgan and Alice Brady in a back-stage story.

by Charles Davy



A scene from "The Private Life of Henry VIII"

Brief Chronicles : Broadcasting

What type of listener has the B.B.C. in mind as a possible audience for its series of National Lectures?

These lectures are broadcast about three times a year. They are obviously events by which the B.B.C. sets considerable store. The subjects are carefully chosen, and the lecturers are invariably men of wide repute within their especial fields of learning. It would appear that these lectures represent the extreme limit of the B.B.C.'s educational ideal; they are the coveted Chairs in the University of the Ether.

And yet, after fourteen such lectures, I find myself still wondering to whom exactly they are supposed to be addressed. They are not profound or definitive enough to appeal much to those experts who may occasionally condescend to turn the knobs of a wireless set; nor, on the other hand, are they popular and simple enough to appeal to the man in the street. In fact they provide an admirable example of the impasse into which the B.B.C. is in danger of being driven in its pursuit of the ideal of adult education. If they appeal to anybody it is to that (unfortunately) vast body of betwixt-and-between listeners to whom education is as necessary to their existence as golf and bridge are to some and as dope is to others. Such listeners do not consider they are getting their money's worth unless someone is educating them. When they die, "Uplift" will be found engraved upon their hearts. They are the modern army of hunger-marchers, and on their banner is written: "Give us knowledge." For the tragedy of such people is that, although they spend their days in the company of great minds, they gain from the contact little that essentially matters to their well-being. Certainly they may gain a little knowledge—but what is a thimbleful in comparison with the sea! And perhaps they gain an enlarged sense of their own importance in the general scheme of things; but how much nicer they would be without that inflation!

Let me take an example. I suppose Sir James Jeans can number his readers by the million; yet of how many of those readers can it be said that his words have shaken them to the roots of their being? Surely not one in a thousand and yet really to assimilate such stupendous knowledge as he dispenses could mean nothing less in our lives. The truth is, of course, that I may know all Sir James can tell me about the distances and numbers and ages of the stars, and yet be none the wiser. Such advanced knowledge is a personal thing, and unless I am among the initiated it can mean nothing to me that matters. Better far that I should remain in ignorance; and then perhaps one day a sudden personal experience will illuminate my ignorance, and I shall know all that I am properly capable of knowing. How that vital knowledge will come there is no telling; as Charlotte Mew said: "Perhaps the earth will hold it, or the wind, or that bird's cry. But it is not for long in any life I know." Certainly it will not inevitably come by reading Sir James Jeans nor by listening to National Lectures until the crack of doom.

When Professor S. Alexander delivered the fourteenth National Lecture ("Philosophy and Beauty"), in January, he seemed to have in mind a wide and diversified audience. His object was to reconcile philosophy, which confines itself for material to the hard and inescapable facts of human experience, with the essentially artificial and remote world in which the artist creates beauty. Seeking for a point of agreement, the professor explored fully the implications of the artist's work, and came to the conclusion that it satisfied the constructive sense in man. Having narrowed down that particular issue, he widened again into generalisation, and with modesty and reticence offered the thesis with which his name has become so widely associated—namely that value exists wherever one thing satisfies another. Thus the lecture fell between two stools. One missed a certain note of challenge inherent in the expression of all newly expounded philosophical ideas, and one wished that the professor had introduced

WHO LISTENS TO THE B.B.C. TALKS?

his own theory much earlier in the discourse, and reinforced it more definitely with the authority which was all the time perceptible beneath the surface of his mild

and often tentative phrases. As it was, in an endeavour to widen his appeal he tempered his thought and spoiled his thesis.

In the present state of culture and the dubious worth of wireless as an agent of adult education, the mere use of the term "National Lecture" on philosophy is anomalous. Why not recognise this right away, and allow these chosen lecturers to limit their appeal to its proper audience? This is the policy pursued by the B.B.C. in other fields of broadcasting. Take for instance the case of modern music. Because Schönberg once happened to write a tuneful piece of music, we do not find the B.B.C. concentrating on that piece at the expense of the rest of his work, because the majority of listeners are not capable of appreciating it; they insist, quite rightly, on presenting us with as much as is possible (and feasible) of the whole corpus of this difficult composer's music. Then why should philosophy

and other such subjects be treated with less respect? If national lectures there must be, I maintain that at least the lecturers should not be handicapped by

an attempt to include in their appeal an audience that is quite naturally outside the proper understanding of the best they can give.

Being myself quite outside that "proper understanding," I much prefer such talks as that given the following week by Mr. H. G. Wells when he inaugurated the series, "Whither Britain?" The series aims to give various speakers throughout January and March "an opportunity of outlining their individual conception of what our national future ought to be, and of how that can best be achieved." Mr. Wells provided a superb opening. In that high, deliciously squeaky voice of his he warned his listeners of the folly of hoping that Great Britain will ever be able to pull through the present crisis by selfishly leaving out of count the rest of the world. He was speaking particularly of finance, in which he sees the root of all our present difficulties. His plea was for a greater realisation on our part of that increasing interdependence of the nations which must be taken into account in any really constructive attempts to rid us of the present beggar-my-neighbour system of finance. Listeners will not readily forget his sincere and vivid tirade against the pursuit to-day of a policy of ourselves-first-and-the-devil-take-the-hindmost. Such talks as this almost succeed in silencing all one's adverse criticism of the B.B.C. Agreement or disagreement apart, here was a man who had something important to say and was allowed freely to say it. His strictures of the League of Nations, for instance, because it sought to bind the nations together upon a political basis and gave no thought for the thing that was really at the root of all our ill, must have offended many a gentle and sincere listener. Nor can his appeal for tolerance and understanding of the Russian attempt to build up a new civilisation on the ruins of the old, have met with widespread sympathy. Yet he was allowed to say these things—and no one who has heard Mr. Wells maintaining his beliefs will need to be told that he said them with unforgettable point and pungency. If the remainder of the twelve speakers who have been chosen for this series speak with half his force and conviction and vividness, "Whither Britain?" should make good reading when (as is now the accepted end of all important Talk series) it comes to be printed in book form. I shall tune in to all these speakers with eagerness, but I shall be surprised if any of them proves quite as stimulating as Mr. Wells; but then, ever since I accidentally heard him, years ago, making his first speech before the microphone, I have considered him about the finest broadcast speaker I am ever likely to hear.

Apart from this series, which you should on no account miss, the January-March programme contains evidence of an increasing rightness in the choice of speakers.

by C. Henry Warren

Brief Chronicles : Art

"I venture to say that no one who has a real understanding of the art of painting attaches any importance to what we call the subject of a picture—what is represented. To one who feels the language of pictorial form all depends on *how* it is represented, *nothing* on what."

THEME AND PAINTING: SOME THOUGHTS AFTER BURLINGTON HOUSE

because the mythological story he has used for some masterly

Nothing? Would Mr. Roger Fry still insist upon that nothing? It is a matter of great moment for the arts, for painting no less than for poetry; and one is compelled as much by Burlington House as by the exhibition of Paul Klee last month, I suggested (not without timidity) that the formal, organic nature of works of art is probably being too much exalted. Mr. Louis MacNeice wrote about the same time that "in the last three years theme has again become important in poetry (however vulgar a necessity)."

But how are we to manage this needful, vulgar objectifying of the arts? How are the arts to be made at once less private and not less "artistic"? And what dangers threaten the attempt? Visit the Pre-Raphaelite room at Burlington House.

By accident, the academic authorities have presented there an odd, instructive union of theme pictures. "The Last of England," by Ford Madox Brown; "The Woodman's Daughter," by Millais; "The Scapegoat," by Holman Hunt—these hideous, shallow works are among the Pre-Raphaelite pictures in the room; but in one corner hangs a picture the grandeur of which, no less than its harmony of clear colours, its language of pictorial form, silences all the Pre-Raphaelite discord, and soothes away the very sharp discomfort which their raucous banality induces. The picture is Blake's "Adam Naming the Beasts," painted in tempera; and of sixteen hundred and thirty-two exhibits it is perhaps the most noble. Examine these pictures, and certain facts become apparent. One is revolted before "The Woodman's Daughter" and "The Last of England," both by themal triviality and the absence of the "language of pictorial form," though it is true that Millais might have made something of his picture (allowing him to have been a better artist), if he had possessed something of Gainsborough's understanding of childhood and adolescence. Before "The Scapegoat" one is revolted simply by disharmony of colour and design; the subject is one which might have been greatly treated at another time and by another artist. Before "Adam Naming the Beasts" one is awed by theme and execution magnificently united. The thick, firm body, the thick neck and head of the First Man, the sharpness of his hair, the boldness of his clear eyes, the serpent's head caressing his hand, while the other beasts move by in the background—all this has been imagined and treated by a man whose technique equals his vision. The symbolic force of this painting is doubled by one thing—only on the coils and head of the serpent do the quietly harmonious colours change to intensity and splendour. In such a work can one separate the theme and the pictorial form? Mr. Fry, in the lecture from which I quoted, goes on: "Even though at the first shock of a great pictorial design the subject appears to have a great deal to do with one's emotional reaction, that part of one's feeling evaporates very quickly; one soon exhausts the feeling, connected by associated ideas with the figures, and what remains, what never grows less nor evaporates, are the feelings dependent on the purely formal relations."

An overstatement surely. It may seem true of a composition by Poussin; but may that not be

painting means now far less to us than the myth of Adam? A good painter may make good use of a trivial theme, the value of the picture depending (as one sees from Blake and the Pre-Raphaelites) on the complexity and value of his peculiar experience and the extent of his expressive ability. He may make excellent pictures which appear purely formal.

This one may see from the last thirty years of painting, but Picasso does not establish an act of future uniformity. An ideally excellent painting would not only have these qualities admired by Mr. Fry (whose words, by the way, should commit him to a love of the severest paintings by Picasso or even Leger); it would share the theme value, the symbolic "vulgarity" of "Adam Naming the Beasts," or of a surrealist imagining by Miro or Max Ernst. We must not be frightened of themes. English painting of the last century, and particularly that monstrous room at the Academy, warn us accurately of the wrong way in which themes should be employed and exalted, and of the wrong themes to employ. Thus a writer in the *New Statesman* who recently named Salvador Dali "a

frightening Frith" was being clever and not wise; he did not understand that irrelevant can be differentiated from relevant associations in a picture; that Dali's themes (however competent or bad an artist Dali may be) differ entirely in their source and nature from the banalities of "Derby Day" or "Paddington Station."

There is no longer a body of fiction common to us all which an artist can employ and modify; and the surrealist or theme painter must objectify themes from his own pre-conscious, but his themes (as with Klee) may have a family unity, may make his own world, a world of a homogeneity which we as outsiders can recognise and then enter.

by Geoffrey Grigson



"Adam Naming the Beasts," by William Blake

Lent to the Royal Academy Exhibition of British Art by Sir John Stirling Maxwell, Bart.

The World To-Day

1933 reflects bitterness and hatred, war and persecution. Fifteen years after "the War to end wars" the world is on the brink of a new conflagration.

We have the collapse of the League of Nations, war in South America, the imperialist aggression of Japan, and the piling-up of armaments all over the world; unemployment, chaos and ruin.

The past year has seen the degradation of a great nation. A nation apparently in the hands of madmen, who have unleashed the lowest passions of men, caused the death, ruin and exile of many of its best citizens, turned over thousands of men and women to brown-shirted murder gangs either to die or to be brutally tortured.

The blackest reaction of the Middle Ages swept back upon a nation which has given much to the world. The men who seized power in Germany try to destroy the brightest gems of their country's art, philosophy and science by the axe, gun and fire. Bestial racial passions are unleashed.

Alas—this foulness called National-Socialism finds its imitators and equivalent in almost every country. Assassinations in Rumania and Japan, lynching in America, bombing in North-West India. The fierce racial hatred engendered in Germany has a significant reflection in advertisements of British and French armament firms in German newspapers. The vultures are gathering.

Yet statesmen and others make hypocritical orations about peace, democracy, prosperity, while bewildered youth sees an endless succession of dole-queues, guns, bombs and half-starved workers.

Grimness and suffering stand out in 1933. The new year is young yet. What will it bring forth?

Reading, Berks.

GILBERT BRADBURY

Christians and the State in Germany

Christians in Germany—as distinguished from the so-called "German Christians"—have, since the Nazis came into power, been rendered temporarily unsure of the relation between loyalty to belief and loyalty to state. A large majority of them having declared their loyalty to the state in matters secular, have at last protested against dictatorship in matters spiritual.

But the antithesis between secular and religious matters is a false one—perhaps originating in the present instance from Barthian theology. How long can such a division of life and ideas last?

It will last a long or a short time according to Nazi temper. Strenuous opposition to those who treasure liberty of conscience can only have the effect of quickening convictions and their accompanying emotion. Ultimately the desire for freedom will extend beyond what is strictly religious. The religious sentiment has a habit of asserting itself outside its departmental existence. To thwart conscience in religious matters is to rouse it. The inhumanity of the Third Reich may yet undergo conversion at the hands of those very people it now seeks to prosecute.

Brooklands, Cheshire.

LEIGH WALLER

German Nationalism—Another View

Nationalism in Germany to-day must inevitably be compared with that nationalism so important in nineteenth century politics. The casual observer, looking at Germany, might agree with Heine that "human effort is futile, progress nothing, only the ebb and flow of the tides," if that country is as it was during the last century.

But this is not so. Since the War, Germany has drawn apart and reorganised on a different national basis. The material values of a bourgeois nationalism shattered by defeat, German youth is building afresh, setting up an idealistic set of values, which bridge the gulf between moral and political standards. Militarism, for example, is no longer the Junker readiness to don the helmet, but

COMMENTS AND

From Readers of

part of that glorious freedom the contemporary German finds, not in unrestricted personal liberty, but in service to the state, which under the new regime is the goal of all human activity.

The revolution in Germany so far has been "intensive," not aggressive, but if the movement deviates from these high ideals, there is a danger that the new social system, founded on national solidarity, will become a menace to peace.

36, Carlyle Road,

Edgbaston, Birmingham 16.

L. W. HERNE

Taking Them For a Ride

Sir Oswald Mosley has had five armoured motor-vans delivered to his Chelsea arsenal, and they are to be used to protect his missionaries from the brutal silence and murderous booing of political opponents. These specially constructed transports are built to hold thirty fascisti, and by the same token could also carry sixty less enlightened people anxious to inspect Sir Oswald's intriguing head-quarters, and try his castor-oil conversion. These motors can travel at sixty miles per hour and, lacking the handicap of a speed limit, should prove invaluable whensoever the British fascisti decide on mobile decimation. So that we may soon witness the spectacle of Mosley and his thugs screaming down London streets, in approved gangster manner, beating up all non-union members, i.e. any citizen without a black shirt.

Whether these potential travelling arsenals are really a legitimate means of fascist transport, or a nasty variation of the Black Maria, the fact remains that no Englishman (a rich demagogue least of all) should be allowed to take the law into his own hands—particularly when it savours of martial law. Ignorance has long ceased to be bliss, and it would save our hard-worked police a lot of imminent baton manipulation if they treated Sir Oswald's retreat to an occasional inspection.

14, Oxford Road,
London, N.W.6.

W. A. RATHKEY

Importance of Stratosphere Flying

Professor Haldane, who is assisting a proposed balloon ascent to the stratosphere, recently prophesied that within a year, flying in that region in heavier-than-air machines will have been accomplished.

Allowing for excessive cost and unforeseen technical difficulties, stratosphere flying may be a commercial proposition in about five years' time, and it will mean the annihilation of distance and time. Professor Haldane stated that India would be only three hours distant from England; by travelling westward for a few hours it will be possible to relive the previous day again. The fantasy of Lord Dunsany's "If" will have become truth.

During his last broadcast talk, Mr. Vernon Bartlett put this question to his listeners: Should Great Britain co-operate with other nations in order to maintain world peace, or should the Empire attempt to become a self-supporting, independent unit, taking no further part in international affairs?

The advocates of huge aerial armies would do well to remember the difference that stratosphere flying will make in the world, for no place will be safely inaccessible in time of war; isolation will be impossible and world peace will have to be maintained at all costs.

The Lodge,

Brundall, Norfolk.

JOYCE WOODHOUSE

CORRESPONDENCE

"The Bookman"

"Polonaise in A Flat"

SIR,

I am loath to be harsh on Mr. Frank Rutter, whose review of my "English Painting," in your January issue was evidently written during his recent attack of bronchitis, from which I am happy to learn he has now completely recovered. But that review conveys so false an impression that I must ask you to print the following as a corrective to Mr. Rutter's statement that almost the only English painter whom I do not "kick" is William Blake:

To Hogarth I give twelve illustrations and thirty-five pages of appreciation and comment.

To Richard Wilson I give four plates and seven pages of appreciation and comment.

To Gainsborough I give nineteen illustrations and twenty pages of appreciation and comment, hailing him as "the English link in a chain consisting of Rubens, Watteau, Gainsborough, Renoir."

To Reynolds I give ten illustrations and twenty-one pages of appreciation and comment.

To Rowlandson I give seven illustrations and six pages of appreciation and comment.

To Turner I give twelve illustrations and fifteen pages of appreciation and comment.

To Constable, whose large so-called "sketches" I single out as his real contribution, I give five illustrations and seven pages of appreciation and comment.

To Crome I give five illustrations and eleven pages of appreciation and comment.

To Cotman, whose work, as I point out, appeals to artists of the present day no less but differently from the way it appealed to the artists of the nineties, I give five illustrations and three pages of appreciation and comment.

To the Pre-Raphaelites I give ten illustrations and nine pages of appreciation and comment.

Minor British artists who are not just "kicked" in my book include, among others, Highmore, Devis, Marcellus Laroon, Giles Hussey, John Brown, Alexander Cozens, Francis Towne, Opie, Calvert and Samuel Palmer.

The best known artists whom I have in fact treated as negligible, from the standpoint adopted in my book, are Hoppner, Romney, Tilly Kettle, Peters, Ramsay and Alfred Stevens.

As for the "well over a hundred" references to my other books which Mr. Rutter finds in the foot-notes, I can only conclude that bronchitis gave him inflammation of the eyes. The number of such crimes is in fact eighteen, and they consist partly of references to illustrations, and partly to passages where a subject briefly summarised in this book has been more fully discussed in one of the others.

I cannot challenge Mr. Rutter's statement that an American detective writer named Van Dine makes "persistent and tireless references to anything and everything he has ever written," because since my schooldays I have not read any schoolboy literature—even as a relief from books on English Painting when suffering from bronchitis.

London, N.W.8.

R. H. WILENSKI

January 12th, 1934.

Mr. Rutter writes:

Appreciation is indicated by an attitude of mind, not by any given number of illustrations or of pages of comment. Mr. Wilenski's statistics therefore are beside the point. Having himself been a harsh critic of others, Mr. Wilenski must not complain if, for once in a way, another critic deals severely with his opinions about English painters. When Mr. Wilenski returns the compliment, I shall "account it a gain to be surveyed from without by one who hates the principles which are nearest to my heart."

"The Private Life of Henry VIII" in Madrid

It is interesting to consider the reasons for the hearty welcome accorded by the Madrileños to this very English picture. Probably the plain and simple picture of a man—*un hombre*—appeals to the average Spaniard more forcibly than a complicated romance or a purely instructive film. The central subject of the most popular pictures in the Prado—Titian's portrait of Charles V on horseback and Velasquez's numerous studies of Philip IV—is invariably a man rather than a landscape or an idea. Hence the vigorous portrayal by Charles Laughton of the English "Rey Barba-Azul" (King Blue Beard) at once appeals to the Spanish public. Incidentally the way had been partially prepared for this film by the Spanish translation of Mr. Francis Hackett's "Henry VIII and his Six Wives." Secondly there is continual action and motion. Lastly, the Spaniard may have seen in Henry VIII, as represented by Mr. Charles Laughton, his idea of the typical Englishman—the hearty, shrewd, patriotic, sentimental islander.

Owing to the tactful omission of Katharine of Aragon from the screen—the Spanish caption said that she was a "very respectable woman: therefore he divorced her"—no offence was given to Spanish susceptibilities. For though liberal-minded newspapers like *El Sol* see in our rupture with Rome the foundation of our island's greatness as a modern nation, a large number of the habitual cinema audience would naturally look upon England as a heretic schismatic island, Queen Elizabeth being the villain of the piece even more than her sire.

It is unfortunate that the Spanish captions were neither very clear to the eye nor very appropriate translations; for although the Spanish cinema public is thoroughly accustomed to English as spoken by Americans, much of the delivery was too rapid to be understood by the audience.

This is only a minor blemish in a film which consciously or unconsciously is making propaganda for the spirit of England in Spain, where the cinema to-day plays so important a rôle—almost a daily rôle—in the formation of young Spain and the breaking down of national prejudices.

PHILIP ROBINSON

Air Scare

In your issue of January, 1934, you made a very good point that in technical efficiency Britain has the strongest Air Force in the world. May I suggest however that your analogy with the motor-car may be dangerous?

The racing Baby Austin can actually outstrip the Rolls Royce in speed. In any case, and leaving analogy alone, we must not forget the way in which technical air superiority swung from side to side during the four years of the last war and we cannot be absolutely certain that a similar change may not take place in peace to-day.

Our Air Force in training and in technical equipment is certainly second to none, but we would be unwise to despise any possible adversary on that account. The theory that one Britisher is equal to at least two foreigners is a dangerous one when the safety of a nation is at stake.

May I suggest also that you are wrong when you say that no country can be defended from air attack. We certainly cannot get immunity, but we can get a great measure of protection. This was amply proved by the records of the last war, when both London and Paris after May, 1918, escaped attack. In spite of statements to the contrary, air defence is a practicable thing, and the nation that neglects it will find out to its cost if ever war should come.

J. A. CHAMIER,

Air Commodore, Secretary-General.

A Correction

It is stated in the editorial note preceding my article in the January number of *THE BOOKMAN*, that I am a barrister. This is incorrect. I hope to be, but have not yet been called to the Bar.

Farnham Common,
near Slough.

GILBERT ARMITAGE

Contemporary Foreign Writers

If Hans Andersen ever went to Avernaes, which lies in rather a remote part of the island of Fyen—and everyone knows that the busy little capital of Fyen is Odense, where Andersen was born—if he ever penetrated to that region where the forest comes down to the waters of the Little Belt and then stops short, whereas the land continues for a matter of some miles, a green and gold peninsula, green meadows with the gold of broom, he would have looked at the apparently deserted castle and he would have heartily approved of it. Although it came into existence several decades after Andersen himself—in fact about the middle of the nineteenth century—yet there is such an ancient air about it, and such desolation, that it surely must have been like this while it was being built. The local maps call Avernaes a castle, and its dignity no traveller will deny, although in Denmark there are many castles more magnificent and older. Yet the maps are right, for Avernaes behaves in such a noble fashion. Weeds are growing everywhere, but let them climb all over the dark yellow building and they will not smother the sad charm of it.

One summer evening, when the woods were heavy with the threat of rain, we walked to Avernaes from the small railway station, having been to Odense, where we inspected, among other curiosities at the birth-house in which Andersen's father used to mend Odense's boots, the document to which the mother put her name by keeping her finger on the hand of the clerk who signed it—she was illiterate—and the tiny, metal-framed mirror which Andersen is said to have received from Jenny Lind, with whom he was in love, so that he should gaze in it and realise his ugliness.

Just opposite the railway station is the village shop and post office, wherein is a department for the manufacture of the finest pastries in the world. And so, despite the gloomy weather, we walked with a buoyant step; if we had eaten more of them I think we would have flown above the trees. But by the time that we reached Avernaes there was no longer any fear of rain, and so we went through the tangled garden and we strode up to a hillock where the shrubs of broom, luxuriantly in flower, were eight or ten feet high. We chose a clearing where we could sit down and look upon the quiet water, and beyond it the grey fisher-houses scattered round the beach. Much nearer to us lay an undulating island, more or less a hundred yards long, which is in the Avernaes domain.

"Like the majority of people," said my host, Hans Roger Madol, a dark, portly gentleman, and it is with a kind of diffidence—nay, with an appealing, childlike quality—that he looks at the world through his horn spectacles, "I always wanted to possess an island. Well, I heard one day in Copenhagen that Avernaes was in the market and that it included a small island. I could not resist. They only gave me twenty-four hours to decide. I telegraphed my people in Berlin and all was settled happily."

"But so far as I can see," I said, "there is no house upon that island."

"I am going to have a little work-room on it," Madol said. "At present there is only one hare who enjoys, I think, his solitary life, and there is a cottage fallen into ruin."

"How was it," I asked, "that you were travelling in Denmark?"

"I have travelled a good deal."

There is no reason why a massive person should not travel, though one is inclined to think of such a man as being permanently seated in a comfortable chair. How different from this has been the life of Madol as he told it me that evening under the pale Danish sky.

Born in Berlin in 1903, he was sixteen and a half years old when he resolved to leave his home and live on poetry. He and a painter of the same age took an attic where there was no artificial light and not much of any kind. And for the next two years they chiefly lived on bread and water. An old woman in the house thought that they

HANS ROGER MADOL

by Henry Baerlein

didn't use the stove because they were too ignorant or clumsy. That they were too poor she never realised.

Out of the kindness of her heart she said that she would come up every day to light it, and the two young men were faced with this hard problem—how were they to pay for such extravagance? An article which Madol wrote enabled them to buy some briquettes, a quantity sufficient for three days; but always when the woman had gone down the stairs they took the briquettes from the stove and put them in the wardrobe with the others, so that the supply should not give out until the spring.

At the age of eighteen Madol published a book of poems. But it seemed as if his financial position would be much more strengthened by the fact that a large house was inherited by him and his two brothers. Unfortunately this was at the time when German marks were worth next to nothing and, although the house was sold for half a million, yet the share of each of the brothers was only enough to buy him a suit of clothes.

Madol had always been interested in old and rare books—at the age of twelve he had bought with his pocket-money an early edition of Schiller. When the currency became so nearly valueless and foreigners bought every kind of thing, flats, jewels, motor-cars, for the minutest prices in their own good money, then it was that a large number of fine books and MSS. were sent abroad. And it occurred to Madol that these could be profitably purchased and returned to Germany. So he betook himself, among other places,

to London. There he acquired a certain number of books and intended to leave on a Saturday morning, but he missed the train at Victoria and wandered about until, not knowing where he was, he found himself in White-chapel. A watering-cart came by

and, as is the necessary custom in such neighbourhoods, it sprayed the water on the pavement also. Madol saw an open door and leaped into that house for refuge. It was dark in the low corridor, but he discovered very soon that it was lined with books. To his delight there was an eighteenth century volume with copper-plates, by Piranesi, and the other volumes of the set were there as well. The owner asked a very reasonable price for them, but Madol wanted other of his books, with pictures by Bartolozzi and so forth, which compelled him to send home for a supply of money. Then came the London dock strike which held up his purchases for so long that he thought he would never see them again, but finally they all arrived. He sold them lucratively and then branched off into buying MSS. and autographs. He thinks he is endowed with a divining-rod by which he knows if there are any interesting specimens about and also whether they can be regarded as authentic.



Hans Roger Madol

AN AMERICAN CRITIC

Selected Essays.

By Oscar W. Firkins. 10s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford.)

American literary criticism is unquestionably at a low ebb nowadays. Bad as much English newspaper reviewing has become, this journeyman-work in the American press is infinitely worse, being generally blatant, illiterate and insufferably vulgar. Perhaps by way of reaction, American academic criticism is apt to be stuffy and priggish, loaded with dogmatic statements, delivered with incredible solemnity or relieved by flashes of flippancy, commonly silly and sometimes offensive. There seems, in short, a lamentable lack of standards in taste, of the humour that persuades and the surprise that arrests.

In contrast with these extremes of exaggeration and dullness, the essays of Professor Oscar Firkins, of Minnesota University, preserve a middle course. The publisher describes them as "combining the qualities of thought and style, of penetrating criticism and epigrammatic wit," than which no more could be said for Hazlitt or Matthew Arnold. As a matter of fact, Professor Firkins's essays do not quite realise such a forecast; there is a certain pervading humour about the opening essay, "Man: A Character Sketch," and an occasional telling phrase, bordering on the edge of epigram, as for example: "Decency is a part of manners; morality is a branch of conduct"; or "Other singers end with the universal; Shelley begins there." But in the swift, illuminating influence of wit these essays are generally deficient, and the dogmatic atmosphere of the lecture-room is apt to oppress their often interesting and suggestive arguments. In short, the tone of the criticism is rather dull and heavy-handed; the style lacks charm; the approach is discouraging. All of which is a pity, for there is a good deal of hard thinking and sound common sense concealed beneath the surface of Professor Firkins's marmoreal manner.

The subjects are sufficiently various. There are a few of the standard academical theses, such as "The Irresponsible Power of Realism," "The Ethics of Taste" and "The Bondage of Liberty." There are several essays in pure literary criticism (and they are among the best in the volume)—"Shelley and Our Time," "Has Emerson a Future?" and "Poetry and Prose in Life and Art." An article on "Undepicted America" contains about the soundest estimate of W. D. Howells that has been offered to a new generation, and should help to recall the sterling qualities of that sincere but rather elusive artist. But perhaps the most characteristic of all the essays are those dealing with dramatic criticism, and in particular with Shakespeare. Professor Firkins has himself been a playwright, and his enjoyment of the theatre is disciplined by a keen insight into the proper qualities of comedy and tragedy. A paper on "The Source of Pleasure in Familiar Plays" is full of shrewd observation; while his discussions of the character of Macbeth, and of the "inhibition of executive force by intellectual activity," as displayed in "Hamlet," are fresh and provocative presentations of old, familiar problems.

To sum up, this book is an essentially American product, not exempt from the foibles of its origin, but happily endowed with some of the more fruitful traits of American curiosity and persistence. In America it may well prove a lantern of illumination, and it should not be without its benefits of guidance and suggestion to English students of comparative literature as well.

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by HILDA M. COLEY

The majority of people do not associate with the name of John Wesley a book on herbal and other remedies. Yet that extremely versatile man, in his anxiety to help the masses of the people of his day, compiled and published a little book to which he gave the title, "Primitive Physick." It certainly bears out the title, for nothing could be more primitive than some of his suggested remedies.

The edition I have before me is the eighth, published in 1759.

It was first published in 1747, and reached the twenty-third edition in the year of his death—1791.

The title page reads :

PRIMITIVE PHYSICK
OR, AN
EASY AND NATURAL
METHOD
OF CURING
Most DISEASES

BY JOHN WESLEY

*Homo sum : humani nihil a me
alienum puto*

The EIGHTH EDITION,
corrected and enlarged

BRISTOL

Printed by John Grabham, in
Narrow-Wine-Street, and sold at
the New Room, in the Horse-
Fair and at the Foundry, near
Upper-Moor-Fields LONDON
1759.

The preface, as might be expected from such a prolific writer and preacher of sermons, is in the sermonic style of the period. After referring to the Fall of Man and the consequent punishment by sickness, he proceeds to discourse on the discovery of alleviations to our lot :

" 'Tis probable Physick, as well as Religion, was in the first Ages chiefly traditional : Every Father delivering down to his sons, what he had himself in like Manner received, concerning the Manner of Healing both outward Hurts, and the diseases incident to each Climate . . .

" Thus far Physick was wholly founded on Experiment. The European as well as the American, said to his Neighbour, Are you sick ? Drink the juice of this Herb, and your Sickness will be at an End. Are you in a burning Heat ? Leap into that River, and then sweat 'till you are well. Has the Snake bitten you ? Chew and apply that Root, and the Poison will not hurt you. Thus antient Men, having a little Experience, joined with common Sense, and common Humanity, cured both themselves and their Neighbours, of most of the Distempers to which every Nation was subject.

" But in process of Time, Men of a philosophical Turn were not satisfied with this. . . . Men of Learning began to set Experience aside ; to build Physick upon Hypotheses ; to form Theories of Diseases and their Cure, and to substitute these in the Place of Experiments. . . . Hence Rules for the Application of these, and Medical Bookes were immensely multiplied ; 'till at length Physick became and abstruse Science, quite out of Reach of ordinary Men.

" Physicians now began to be had in Admiration, as Persons who were something more than human. And Profit attended their Employ, as well as Honour ; so that they now had two weighty Reasons for keeping the bulk of Mankind at a Distance, that they might not pry into the Mysteries of the Profession."

He is very disgusted with the number of ingredients used in one bottle of medicine, and says naïvely : " Experience shews, That one Thing will cure most disorders, at least as well as twenty put together. Then why do you add the other nineteen ! Only to swell the Apothecary's Bill : Nay, possibly, on purpose to prolong the Distemper, that the Doctor and he may divide the spoil."

He is extremely sanguine over his own remedies, although he suggests several for some diseases. It would be interesting to know from whence Wesley himself gathered the information about the infallible remedies he recommends. He may have been dosed with some in the days of his youth in the Rectory at Epworth, in Lincolnshire, where his spartan but noble mother, Susannah, ruled so well over her large family. Perhaps he may have had memories of being sent out in the fields and lanes round Epworth to gather the familiar herbs, the wild flowers and roots of the country-side. He gives homely remedies for what he calls "The Tooth-ach" : "Put a leaf of Betony, bruised up the Nose," or "Chew the root of the Yellow Water Flower de Luce (Iris)," or "Lay bruised or boil'd Nettles to the Cheek."

Bruised nettle leaves would certainly be a good counter-irritant.

" For the Vertigo or Swimming in the head : In a May morning about sunrise snuff up daily the dew that is on Mallow leaves."

" For white Swelling (on the Joints) : Hold the part half an hour every morning under the stream that falls from a Mill : or under a pump or cock—This cures also any Pains in the Joints. It seldom fails."

Nowadays we should think this the best means of developing pains in our joints.

For swelled glands in the neck he advises the unlucky patient to drink half a pint of Sea Water every other day.

One of his quaintest remedies is for "Stitch in the Side : Apply Treacle spread on a hot toast." A nice messy performance that would be.

For wounds he also has a spartan remedy : "Keep the part in cold water for an hour, keeping the wound closed with your thumb. Then bind on the thin skin of an Egg-shell for days or weeks 'til it falls off of itself. Regard not tho' it prick or shoot for a time."

He has several remedies for a "Chronical Head-ach : Wear tender Hemlocke-leaves, under the Feet, changing them daily : or Order a Tea kettle of cold water to be poured on your head every morning in a slender Stream."

This is also one of his remedies for Raging Madness. He gives another also : "Set the Patient with his head under a great Waterfall, as long as his Strength will bear."

Here is his prescription for a relaxed Uvula : "Bruise



A hitherto unpublished silhouette of John Wesley, executed by George III's "silhouettist"

the veins of a Cabbage leaf, and lay it hot on the Crown of the head. Repeat, if needed in two hours."

It is probable that Wesley, in his continual journeyings in his chaise or on horseback throughout the length and breadth of England, heard of many homely remedies which he added to his own store.

It is remarkable that though he advocates so many herbal remedies, which had been in use for centuries, he does not seem to have been acquainted with the old Herballs by John Archer, William Coles or John Gerard.

Although he advocates such curious remedies for Asthma as "Dry and powder a Toad. Make it into small Pills and take one every hour until the Convulsions cease," yet he is most modern in many of his ideas.

He was one of the first to advocate electrical treatment, for he constantly advises: "Be electrified." He was also a great believer in cold baths and drinking cold water, physical exercise (either walking or riding), and constantly advised patients to eat apples or drink apple juice.

In spite of his withering remarks about doctors, he engaged doctors to attend at a Chapel House in London for the benefit of his sick poor. He also procured the proper apparatus and ordered several people "to be electrified."

Some Booksellers' Catalogues

by Iolo A. Williams

Catalogues do not come very freely from the booksellers' shops in the early days of January, with the result that the greater part of this column has, this month, to be devoted to lists issued in the weeks before Christmas—when so many appear that it is impossible to review even a tenth of them.

Messrs. Pickering & Chatto, of 1, King Street, St. James's, London, are one of the best known firms specialising in English poetry, fiction and belles-lettres. In their latest catalogue, number 283, they have adopted the plan of dividing what they offer into three sections, consisting respectively of seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth century books. This has the obvious advantage of limiting the number of entries which the specialist collector has to wade through before finding what he wants. In the first of these sections there is a copy of the very rare first edition of Richard Braithwaite's "Barnabee's Journal," a diminutive 18mo, printed in 1638. This amusing doggerel production, which is in both Latin and English, contains the much-quoted lines about the puritan:

"Hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing of a mouse on Sunday."

The price of this rarity is £160. Another very scarce book, but a less expensive one, for it only costs £3 15s., is William King's "The Toast," 8vo, Dublin (1732), a satirical poem to which Mr. Harold Williams recently devoted one of the *opuscula* of the Odd Volumes.

Messrs. Elkin Mathews, of 78, Grosvenor Street, London, in their list number 55, also adopt the system of dividing their books by period. In their nineteenth century section a set of the first five editions of Tennyson's "The Princess," which all contain textual variations and together show the growth of the poem to its final form, is offered for £7. A first edition of "Maud" (1855) costs £1, and a first issue of "Idylls of the King" (1859), £1 5s. "F. Anstey's" "Vice Versa" (1882), described as a very rare modern first edition, is priced £3 10s. For thirty shillings is to be had the original edition of one of Arnold Bennett's most amusing novels, "A Great Man" (1904).

First editions of the nineteenth and present centuries form the principal contents of catalogue 588 of Messrs. Maggs Brothers, of 34 and 35, Conduit Street, New Bond Street, London. Several pages are devoted to Mr. Kipling's works. "The Jungle Book" (1894) and "The Second Jungle Book" (1895) are to be had together for £35, and "Letters of Marque, Allahabad" (1891) costs £20. The price of "Stalky & Co" (1899) is £2 10s.

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TWO BOOKS OF INTEREST TO COLLECTORS

By Iolo A. Williams

Within the last few weeks there have appeared two books which (the one directly and the other indirectly) have considerable importance and interest for book-collectors. Therefore, different through these two publications are, I take the liberty of dividing my present article between them. First, there is the most attractive and extensively illustrated descriptive catalogue which a well-known American collector, Mr. Morris L. Parrish, of Dormy House, Pine Valley, New Jersey, has devoted to a portion of his library. The title of the book is "Victorian Lady Novelists" (£2 2s.; Constable. Edition limited to 150 copies), and the ladies dealt with are "George Eliot," Mrs. Gaskell and the Brontë sisters. In effect this compilation is something approaching a complete first edition bibliography of the five authoresses with which it is concerned, for Mr. Parrish's George Eliot collection is, as he believes, complete; his Brontë collection is also complete, so far as concerns publications issued during the life-time of any of the sisters, while the long Gaskell series lacks only three items. As a bibliography pure and simple the book will obviously be of considerable use, for the technical descriptions of the various books seem competently done (I say "seem," because I have not personally been able to check more than one or two entries), though it is a pity that no details of signatures, as well as of pagination, binding, end papers and certain other things, are given. To my mind an account of signatures is the first essential of book description, yet this is not the first recent bibliographical work which has omitted this important kind of information. The omission naturally does not destroy, though it does, I think, somewhat lessen, the value of Mr. Parrish's book descriptions, and the purely bibliographical side of this catalogue should prove extremely useful.

The book however is more than just a bibliography. It is an agreeable miscellany of various things relating to the authoresses concerned. A specially interesting ingredient is a large number of letters (from, to or concerning the five ladies) which are printed in full, and often also reproduced in facsimile. A valuable and scholarly feature is the Appendix on textual variants in the first three editions of "Jane Eyre." To note and record all these small differences of text must have entailed a great deal of work, for, arranged in three columns, they occupy more than fifty of Mr. Parrish's quarto pages. Obviously therefore future editors of Charlotte Brontë's most famous novel will have cause to be grateful to him.

My second book is Mr. James Laver's two volume edition of the "Poems" of Charles Churchill (£3 3s.; Eyre & Spottiswoode). This is not directly a collector's book, but indirectly it is, and an important one too. Churchill is a satirist who has hitherto, I suppose, been read chiefly by those who have collected the original, or at least early, editions of his various poems. It is to be hoped that Mr. Laver's fine edition will introduce this vigorous writer to other readers, but the collector-reader will welcome it too, for much of Churchill's work is obscure without foot-notes, and there was previously no adequate annotated edition in existence. Tooke's editions held the field, but, though they contained a good deal of information, they were

by no means perfect and left a good deal unexplained. Mr. Laver, in his notes, has not been able to solve all problems of Churchillian allusion. Probably that will never be done, but he has solved a very large proportion of them, and has provided notes, biographical and historical, which now enable one to read the poems with something like continuous understanding of their allusions and social background. Certain critics, I have observed, have fallen foul of him for giving biographical foot-notes about such well-known persons as David Garrick and Dr. Smollett. Perhaps one or two of these might have been omitted, but they amount to a very small proportion of the total annotations, and it is quite unjust to suggest that Mr. Laver

is one of those editors who are prolix for prolixity's own sweet sake. His remarks, on the contrary, are normally to the point and of suitable length.

From a collector's point of view Charles Churchill's various publications are very pleasant things. The original editions are mostly well-printed quartos, very easy to handle and read, and often rising to considerable poetic heights in his own style of rhetorical bludgeoning and abusive eloquence. Occasionally, especially in "The Times," his subject-matter is unsavoury, but he is not normally nearly so gross as a good many satirists have thought themselves entitled to be—which is, to many readers, not unnaturally a relief. Only one of Churchill's books is really rare—the first edition of "The Rosciad," his first and best-known poem, and a notable document in English theatrical history. Another poem is also somewhat uncommon, though not so scarce as I imagined it to be when, some years ago, I published a bibliography of Churchill. The piece—"The Journey"—is however by no means easy to find. It was Churchill's last poem and ends with the unconsciously prophetic line:

"I on my journey all alone proceed."

Some of Churchill's poems should attract the collector not only in their first editions. "The Rosciad," for example, which had originally seven hundred and thirty lines, was successively enlarged to eight hundred and thirty-six and one thousand and ninety lines (which is the length which Mr. Laver prints), and all editions containing additional lines should clearly be collected. Again, a caricature frontispiece for "The Prophecy of Famine" was prefixed to the fifth edition of that poem.

The whole of Churchill's literary career lay between the publication of "The Rosciad" in March, 1761, and his death on November 4th, 1764. In those four years, or rather less, he published nineteen verse satires (counting the various "books" into which some of the poems are divided as separate publications), and part of his importance is the amount of detail which his *œuvre* adds to the social picture of England during that brief period. It is one great merit of Mr. Laver's edition that it enables us to understand this detail more exactly and fully. In addition to which there is the fact (which I have no space here to argue or demonstrate by quotation) that Churchill was a poet of considerable power, eloquence and rough humour, of whom a modern edition was, on purely literary grounds, long overdue.

P O E M S.

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Title page (reduced) of the first collected edition
of Charles Churchill's *Poems*, 4to, 1763

THE BOOKLOVERS' CIRCLE LONDON

December 6th.—Readers of Mr. Conal O'Riordan's book, "Napoleon Passes" (Arrowsmith) do not need to be told that his lecture, to which he had given the title "Naphantasy: The Disease of Napoleon Worship," was a direct challenge to those who believe in the "Napoleonic legend." Mr. Ross Williamson, who confessed that the subject had fascinated him at a very early age, presided, and the lecturer remarked that it was "a very agreeable surprise to me to find that our chairman is acquainted with my book." The real Napoleon, according to Mr. O'Riordan, "was, in some measure, the inventor of the Napoleon of legend; but he laughed at the antics given that animal by poet and painter in his own lifetime—such a fatuity, for instance, as his replacing one of his own sentries who had fallen asleep on the eve of battle. Yet it was those very antics which fired the popular imagination and made him the patron saint of a million simple families who would have flung the real Napoleon out of doors. And the mischief of it was not buried with his bones. Not only the world's ambitious soldiers but all its ambitious rascals see in him a master spirit luring them on." "There has been no more damnable fraud upon the human intelligence than the Napoleonic legend." As may be imagined from these sample sentences, an animated discussion followed, the speakers including Mr. A. Tresidder Sheppard, Mr. B. Gibbs, Mr. Juan W. P. Chamberlin, and Mrs. Burgin.

January 10th.—The opening night of the second session was marked by a brilliant paper from Mr. W. Francis Aitken on "Montaigne," and the occasion will also be remembered for another reason—Mr. E. G. Crowsley, who so very ably represents our younger members, made his debut as chairman upon the Circle platform. Mr. Aitken, with his scholarly research and pensive imagination, soon had us all back in the early days of the fifteenth century, sitting at the feet of the "master-essayist," to whom, we were reminded, English literature is so greatly indebted, although, as the lecturer in an eloquent closing passage remarked, much of the wisdom to be found in the works of those authors who have borrowed so liberally from Montaigne may, like that of Montaigne himself, be said to have its roots in the wisdom of the ancients. Here are a few sentences from a lecture wide in scope and comprehensive in detail: "Montaigne had his hours of contemplation" (the old tower in which he passed eight years of more or less studious peace was flood-lit for us by Mr. Aitken's descriptive phrases), "but, like Bacon, Montaigne divided his life into the contemplative and the active parts. He was no solitary. He loved the clash of mind and mind in conversation. To a very great extent he was a man of affairs. Twice Henry of Navarre visited him, and doubtless profited by his counsel of toleration. From the man we passed to the Essays, and found him once again, for in these Montaigne is "pictured for us by his own hand." The discussion was started by Mr. A. Tresidder Sheppard, and followed by some unusually penetrating and provocative remarks from Mr. F. A. Downing.

January 24th.—Mr. Hugh Ross Williamson, on "Modern Poetry." Chairman: Mr. Henry T. F. Rhodes (report next month).

Programme

February 7th.—Mr. Reginald Arkell on "Richard Jefferies" (Chairman: Mr. W. R. Calvert).

February 21st.—Mrs. Champion de Crespigny on "How I Write Detective Thrillers" (Chairman: Mr. T. W. Hill).

March 7th.—Mr. Shaw Desmond on "Critics and Criticised" (Chairman: Miss Nellie Tom-Gallon).

March 21st.—Annual Dinner.

April 11th.—Miss Clara E. Grant on "The Highbrow Writer and the Lowbrow Reader." By a Midbrow. (Chairman: Mr. G. B. Burgin).

Applications for membership should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, Mrs. Sophie Hine, Mayfield, Meopham, Kent.

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COVENTRY PATMORE

by Derek Patmore

Derek Patmore is the great-grandson of Coventry Patmore. He is the author of a Biography and a Selection of Patmore's Poems, first published in the Phoenix Library by Chatto & Windus in 1931. He has also written extensively on contemporary writers.

Patmore : A Study in Poetry.

By Frederick Page. 6s. (Oxford University Press.)

The last years have seen a great revival of interest in Coventry Patmore and his poetry. After his death in



Derek Patmore

1896, Coventry Patmore's fame suffered a partial eclipse that lasted for more than two decades. As Desmond MacCarthy points out in his admirable essay on Patmore in his recent book of essays, "Criticism," 1932 (Putnams):

'In the Cambridge History of English Literature, Patmore figures among the 'lesser poets' of his time, that is to say with Ebenezer Jones, Keble, Sydney Dobell, Hake, Trench, etc., not one of whom reaches even to his knees.'

MacCarthy then goes on to say that "Patmore is, after all,

the greatest religious poet in English literature since the seventeenth century, not excepting Christina Rossetti, and perhaps greater than Crashaw, with whom, of all other English religious poets, he has most affinity."

During the beginning of this century, Coventry Patmore was a poet for the discerning few. His work was ably championed by Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson. Later on such critics as Osbert Burdett and Shane Leslie have both written enthusiastic studies on his poetry. But until the last few years the general reading public has remained in ignorance of his works, except for the few poems like "The Toys" that are included in the "Oxford Book of English Verse."

Frederick Page has been a lifelong admirer of Coventry Patmore's works. In 1921 he published a carefully edited selection of Patmore's essays under the title of "Courage in Politics," and now he has issued a full-length study of Coventry Patmore's work under the heading of "Patmore : A Study in Poetry." I know that this book summarises the work of a lifetime, and let me say at once that it is by far the best study and comment on Patmore's verse that has been written up to date. Mr. Page's book is very comprehensive. It deals with all the aspects of Patmore's philosophy and genius. Every poem that he wrote is analysed and commented upon; Mr. Page has studied Patmore's private notebooks and his plans for uncompleted works, such as "The Marriage of the Blessed Virgin," and he builds up a very convincing and complete portrait of Patmore the poet and what he stood for. Mr. Page allows the poet to speak for himself, and a great deal of space is given to actual quotations from Coventry Patmore's works. By this method the writer makes all his arguments abundantly clear, and throws a splendid vindication of Patmore's undoubted genius into the teeth of his opponents.

Coventry Patmore suffered from the age in which he lived. Had he followed the Tennysonian ideal he might have remained one of the most popular poets in the language. He captured the Victorian reading public with his long narrative poem, "The Angel in the House," much of which was undoubtedly written under the spiritual guidance of Tennyson, with whom at one time he was very intimate. But as Patmore developed, he rebelled against the smug materialism of the mid-Victorians. As Mr. Page says: "Patmore was a mystic in that for him God was 'infinitely credible'; he was a poet in that for him God was

'infinitely visible.' His approach to poetry was intellectual, as opposed to the emotionalism of Tennyson and Swinburne. He was deeply conscious of the part that a poet should play in the world. "He was a *clerc* who never betrayed the tradition of intellectual integrity of which every poet should be the trustee," as Herbert Read so aptly remarks in his essay on Patmore in "The Great Victorians." He cared little for the applause of the crowd, and as he grew older he turned his back on the popular style of "The Angel in the House," and bewildered his Victorian admirers with the mystical splendours of "The Unknown Eros."

No wonder his Victorian contemporaries did not understand this lone prophet of divine and physical love. The mystical sensuality of the odes in "The Unknown Eros" were abhorrent to the prudish hypocrisy of the "eighteen-seventies."

Mr. Frederick Page devotes several interesting chapters to this side of Patmore's character and work. As he says: "Patmore's sensuality is the real apprehension of the dogma of the resurrection of the body, and therefore it is conscious and intended, and is taught and praised as the beginning and the mode and the reward of life." And instead of enlarging on the subject myself, I would be much wiser in advising everyone who is interested in Coventry Patmore to read this book. Here at last is a book that places the problem of Coventry Patmore and its solution, clearly and with authority, before the public. I know of no other writer who has felt and understood the meaning of Patmore's verse better than Frederick Page.

Coventry Patmore will always remain a poet for the few. His best work is too mystical and too intellectual to be appreciated properly by everyone. But he remains one of the more exciting discoveries of Victorian literature because primarily he was a poet. As Mr. Page pleads passionately in his book: "He is a poet with Swinburne because of his prosody, as in the line:

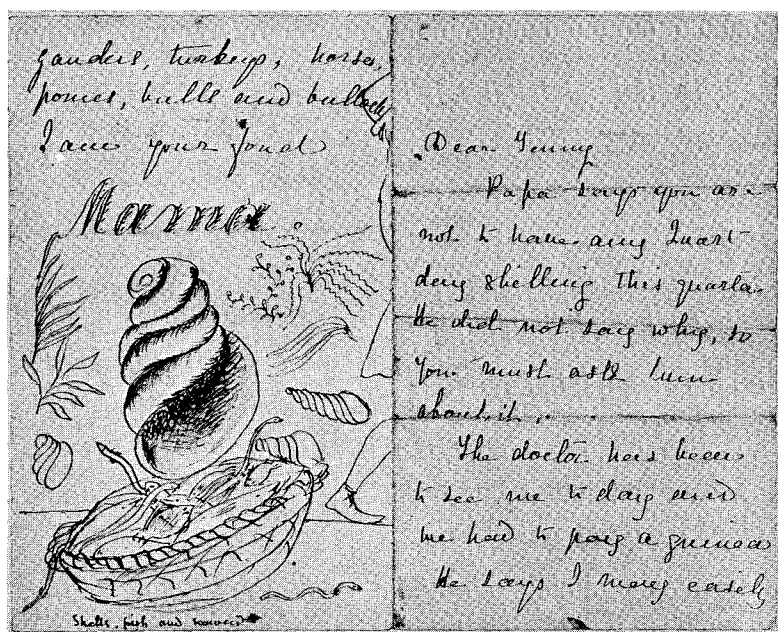
"Through delicatest ether feathering soft their solitary beat."

"He is a poet with Hardy, because of such lines as these summarising the passion of 'Tess of the D'Urbervilles' before it was written:

"God makes as if He least knew how to guard
The treasure He loves best, simplicity."

"He is a poet with Keats in this magic casement, opening on the foam:

"Sad as a ship, far off, at fall of day,
Alone upon the wide sea-way."



A letter written by "The Angel in the House" to her son, Tennyson Patmore



Portrait of Fanny Patmore by John Brett, R.A.

Hitherto unpublished. Reproduced by courtesy of J. Deighton Patmore, Esq.

“He is a poet with Vaughan, because he can see Time from Eternity :

“ ‘Whence joy and sorrow, in divine embrace,
Look down, with pitying face,
Towards the poor, terrestrial peaks of bliss
Where pain and pleasure kiss.’

‘He is a poet with Bridges, the lyrist :

“ ‘Thou Primal Love, who grantest wings
And voices to the woodland birds,
Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words !’

He could not have been a poet without his passion ; he would have been a poet even without his thought. He is a poet with all the English poets, in his exquisite senses.”

... SOMETHING NEW OUT OF AFRICA. By HW. 15s. net. (Pitman.)

Here at last is an Africa we can understand. Hitherto it was too vast, too dark to think of all at once—a land pre-eminently where one could not see the wood for the trees. From time to time one had occasion to think of Cape Colony, Abyssinia, the Gold Coast, but somehow one could never quite think of these diversities gathered together in one continent.

The aeroplane has altered all that. Regular air routes traverse the entire continent from north to south and from east to west, carrying the pilot whose impartial eye looks down on the beast and savage, desert and luxuriance of an Africa grown as objective in reality as in the double page allotted to it in a school atlas. It was inevitable that this elevated angle of vision should have developed a new æsthetic, hence a new philosophy. One no longer travels as one used to do from place to place, to say “Here Cleopatra loved” or “Here Gordon died,” and reap the sufficient emotional reward. To the airman on high, life and death are one in the vast inevitability of all that appertains to the earth. Even the question of aerial bombing, so vexed, so conscience-searing to the earth-dweller, must surely bring few qualms to the aeronaut. What could be more tempting, more natural than to aim something at those improbable creatures so far below ? The man who has never flown may get an inkling of the infinite possibilities that await his taking wings.

The pictures are sufficient, but should the reader inquire further, he will find the letterpress attractively naïve or, to quote the publisher’s blurb, “told in the quiet, unemotional way which distinguishes the men of all Services who control our Empire Outposts.”

R. P. Ross

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A GLORY DEPARTED

by Philip Lindsay

Louis XV and His Times.

By Pierre Gaxotte. Translated by J. Lewis May. 12s. 6d.
(Jonathan Cape.)

This was an age of great beauty and of vile dirt. I cannot see how else to sum it up. It seems to be all powders and velvets as Louis XV walks through Versailles—but only the walls remain to us now, the smells have gone. We see the handsome king, but we do not sniff the revolting odours he walked through. I think it was Viollette-Duc who told the amusing story of how, after the Revolution, he was taken to Versailles by an old lady of the past regime. While she wept about the dead beauties, telling of gay scenes she had witnessed in her youth, the lad who walked dreaming beside her suddenly shuddered and stopped, for the smell was as brutal as a punch on the nose. Then to his amazement he saw his aged friend with a look of ecstasy in her eyes, sniffing and murmuring with a sort of voluptuous joy, "Ah, those dear old days! those dear old days!"

We must not forget such anecdotes when Versailles dazzles us with its splendour, with the thought that a tall king walked here with gorgeous mistresses and that these walls have seen many lovely ladies wander by, reeking with perfume—then a most vital adjunct to the toilet. In all its beauty and filth the eighteenth century comes to us, and we must not forget both sides of the picture, we must not forget the dirt in contemplation of the beautiful; both fit neatly into the frame, and without either the design will be overbalanced.

There were great men in those days. They are obscured by the powder and patches and paint, yet we must not forget them. There was Voltaire in France and Johnson in England, both in their different ways—each suited to his own country—were striving to destroy shams. Then there were Clive and Dupleix battling over India; Wolfe and Montcalm both dying on the heights of Quebec; Cook and La Pérouse were sailing the ocean and both would reach Australia, Cook so short a time ahead of his rival. There were splendid thinkers, great writers, and courageous soldiers and sailors in the eighteenth century. Everything was not tinsel and cant. Watteau's

charming figures actually danced through a world of terrible debauch and of magnificent heroism.

After the death of Louis XIV France went mad. The terrible war was over, and the hysteria of Law's superbly lunatic schemes had left behind it a curious mania for every form of iniquity. Even in our own times we have seen how violent a generation can become when the strain of battle is lifted. This was even worse in eighteenth

century France than we can conceive, because Law came so swiftly afterwards to add to the fury. With money become paper, and paper realising such gigantic fortunes, the whole of society became chaotic; footmen bought their master's palaces and rode in coaches, "and sometimes absent-mindedly got up behind instead of inside." The old king was dead and the squabble for power in the Council added to the general madness. The Regent, Louis XV's uncle, was an intelligent man, but the lust for power seems to have driven him morally insane. To give one example of the time, there was the Regent's favourite daughter, the Duchesse du Berry. Married at fifteen, she was a widow at nineteen and died at twenty-four after a Messalina-like career. Her life is actually revolting, her lovers were uncountable,

and the last of them, Riou, "looked like an abscess," he bullied her, he insulted her in public, he made her change her clothes a dozen times a day, and insisted that every night she must ask for his orders about what to do the following day.

Louis was apart from this debauch, for his upbringing was austere. One might almost say that it was too austere, for later we find him running from mistress to mistress in a most haphazard fashion. Brought up amongst men, he had both a terror of women and an uncontrollable curiosity. His terror at first drove him to choose ugly mistresses who would mother him, but later comes that string of splendid names, dominated by the Pompadour and ending with Dubarry. To a certain extent we can blame the Queen; she was a quiet, unexciting woman six years older than her husband, who when he was only twenty-seven and she thirty-three had already presented him with ten children.

It is difficult to see Louis clearly in this world of patches and simpers, we are distracted by the too rich setting, by the too magnificent women. Yet after all, these women are rather tragic creatures; their job was an anxious and



Louis XV at the age of 6 years

From "Louis the Fifteenth and his Times," by Pierre Gaxotte (Jonathan Cape).

nerve-wrecking one. They had to be constantly merry, they had to rush to parties, to drink and eat too much, struggling to hold their power by any distraction. Within a few years the Pompadour was old, she was consumptive and was "always taking some nostrum or other in the shape of draughts, pills, herbal irritants." She was no fool, this Pompadour, she wheedled her way into the Queen's love: "Since there must be one," said the Queen, "better this one than another." She was a bourgeois, kept strict accounts (although owing to her position she was unable to save) and offered her royal lover what he most desired—peace and sympathy.

Louis could not bear to be alone, and he could not bear to be in the company of strangers. With a terrible shyness shutting his lips, he was unable even to dismiss a minister to his face. Yet he was a hard worker, a man of terrifying energy and a brave soldier. Indeed, he was a pathetic creature, like most kings; he was tortured by the fear of death, for even kings must face God's judgment seat. He was really intelligent, but a prince has little power; no matter how conscious he might be of the justness of his beliefs, he must often bow before the people, and the people are very often wrong.

Louis knew the importance of colonisation, of a greater France, and he struggled against the power of the Church. But he did not have the country behind him. India and Canada were lost, not by any fault of those brave men who fought and died abroad, but by the idiocy of the home government. Duplex was worthy of facing Clive, Montcalm died as heroically as Wolfe on the heights of Quebec. There had been too much fighting; Louis was conscious of that and he was never deluded by the rash cries of reckless patriotism. France was still trying to recover from the thunder of Marlborough and Eugène; and now trade was growing enormously and wealth was rushing into the country, wealth that should not have been wasted in bloodshed. Louis's reign should have heralded an age of peace, instead, curiously enough, it brought upon itself the horrors of a revolution.

THE SMITH OF SMITHS. By Hesketh Pearson. 12s. 6d. (Hamish Hamilton.)

This well-written biography makes one wish Sydney Smith was alive to-day. He had an immediate influence on his slightest acquaintances, and though he was not a poet he had poets among his warmest admirers. He suffers from a retrospective view, for his wit was the kind that depends on a context of friendship and social bonhomie for most of its point.

Sydney Smith had a philosophy connected directly with his copious flow of high spirits. He never cut much of a figure as a careerist (Mr. Pearson says in comment that "it must remain a permanent stain on the reputation of the Whig leaders that he was not offered a bishopric"), but then he was a clergyman through necessity. He would feel the slight of being passed over, but it did not hurt him as his son's death did. The descriptions of Smith walking through dirty London streets to fine houses, with his slippers in his pockets, or sitting with his rejoicing family in the newly-built rectory in the middle of fields, are characteristic: his actions were prompted by his sane temperament, and he carried off apparently incongruous moments with ease. His friendships—with Thomas Moore, Lord Holland, Jeffrey of the *Edinburgh*—were singularly rich. He had a genius for personal relationships, and when he died he was regretted as a man might wish to be. Mr. Pearson prefaces the book with comments on Smith by men and women who had met him. Some are not very illuminating (i.e. Gladstone's "After dinner he spoke to me some time very kindly"), but most give one a vivid impression of this rare humorist.

Arthur Ball

HIGH NILE. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

An anonymous, although informed writer's account of the Egypt of last century following upon the fall of Ismail Pasha, through which she weaves a romance of an old-fashioned stateliness which is unfortunately all too rare nowadays.

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A MARRIED WOMAN writes:

"MR. MEGGY made me see that successful writing has to be learned, just as much as any other branch of Art. He made me cut out the 'inspiration stunt,' and get down to work.

"And I did get down to work. I studied those lessons for dear life. And the result was this: within four months of starting the Course, I had made enough money to pay for a holiday on the Continent for three people! I am now selling quite 75 per cent. of my work, and editors are asking for more.

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Recent Fiction

A VARIETY OF WOMEN

by Joanna Cannan

A Warning to Wantons.

By Mary Mitchell. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)



Mary Mitchell

The Salic Law.By Katherine Villiers.
7s. 6d. (Fenland.)**Black August.**By Dennis Wheatley.
7s. 6d.
(Hutchinson.)**The Years of Peace.**By Le Roy MacLeod.
7s. 6d. (Century.)**Eva Gay.**By Evelyn Scott.
8s. 6d.
(Lovat Dickson.)

Miss Mitchell's first novel, "A Warning to Wantons," has already been heartily received, and in its way it is a

cheerful book, containing passages of great beauty, which are all the more striking because one comes upon them so unexpectedly in what, taken perhaps too seriously, seems to me an inescapably tawdry tale. Renée de Vaillière, an unpleasant, precocious child, grows into an equally unpleasant young woman, whose sole joy in life is to wreck the happiness of other women by deliberately annexing their lovers. For men her charm is irresistible, but I doubt very much whether such lyric charm as Miss Mitchell conveys to us could radiate from so flyblown a spirit. We have all known charming sinners, but they have had redeeming qualities, always kindness, often sincerity, sometimes great courage. Renée, greedy, treacherous and a liar, repels all sympathy; her peculiar form of wit, though obviously appreciated by her admirers, is almost ponderous; I do not think that a sophisticated man like Count Anton could have kept his affection for her, though there are odd contradictions in his character; a man of the world, a bon-vivant, a roué (we lack English words for the type), with all the charming and elegant places on the Riviera to choose from, he prefers Nice.

The closing scenes of the book—scenes in the woodlands and the castle gardens of this new Ruritania—are enchanting, but one can only suppose that Renée has suffered some forest change; for the Renées of this world there is no regeneration; they are pathological cases, rotten to the core.

Yet another Ruritania is a setting for a novel by Katherine Villiers, "The Salic Law." This is a simple and less distinguished tale of the ill-starred love of a beautiful, fragile girl, unfortunately doomed to wear a crown. One feels that this is not the first time that one has met Eudoxia—in fiction; and almost from the moment of her entrance one foresees the ice-bound queen that she will become. She and her artist lover, and her angular lady-in-waiting and her French maid, are, in fact, stock figures in a stock situation, though it must be admitted that Miss Villiers stirs the familiar sugary ingredients with an unusually sophisticated spoon.

With trade reviving and hope in the air, Mr. Dennis Wheatley's book comes a little late. The action takes place "many years hence," and we find that Great Britain has drifted into a state of anarchy—in fact the prophecy is fulfilled that one day we shall look back on 1933 as a boom year. Ann Croome, a typist-secretary, travelling on the Great Eastern Railway (the air buses are full), meets a young man: "He looked a nice young man—blue-eyed and slightly freckled; he wore a suit of brown plus-fours, ancient but still retaining the *cachet* of a good tailor—and his hands were well cared for." Naturally they fall for one another, but it seems that time is to strengthen social barriers, for the young man, who is heir to a dukedom, regards marriage with Ann as impossible, although she

comes of a country parson's family. He therefore conceals what he horribly refers to as "the handle to my name," having found that "girls of the upper middle class . . . were apt to affect strange mannerisms, which they believed to be socially correct, as soon as they knew that he was heir to a dukedom." When Ann discovers his identity, she refuses to see him again but, resorting to he-man methods, he carries her out of London whence everyone is fleeing, intent only on saving their skins. They fall in with a strange, strong character who, with complete lack of patriotism, annexes a destroyer, intending to make off to the West Indies, and many and thrilling are the adventures which come their way. Mr. Wheatley has a vivid imagination and a great talent for describing a fight, but I do not think that, in creating this picture of England running with blood, aflame with murder and rapine, he has considered the English character; and I can only hope that, should we ever come to this pass, nice-looking young men, blue-eyed and slightly freckled, whether they be dukes' sons or cooks' sons, will give a little more thought to their duty than did "my lord, the marquis of Fane."

"The Years of Peace" comes to us from America. It is a slow-moving novel, dealing with life on a farm during the years which follow the American Civil War. While, all over the world, one war follows another, there is peace in the Wasbach country, and yet no peace, but the long, desperate, everyday encounter between Tyler Peck and his proud wife, Evaline. This is a joyless book, for Tyler's heart is not in his farming nor Evaline's in her unwilling motherhood, and at times one gets exasperated by the poor thing they make of life. Mr. MacLeod writes a "poetical" prose which has moments of beauty but is a little self-conscious. His constant reference to unheroic physical processes may spoil the book for many English readers.

A still more exasperating collection of people are minutely studied by Miss Evelyn Scott in a monumental novel of seven hundred and ninety-eight pages. *Eva Gay* is an idealist. Her ideal is truth. Frankly she is a wearisome, contrary creature, a rebel by temperament, introspective almost to insanity, unable to accept happiness, justifying infidelity, as it can so easily be justified, by pages and pages of earnest sophistry. Eva is born in Kentucky and goes to Europe during the War; Miss Scott then gives us the life-stories of her lovers—the unbelievably altruistic Hans, and Evan, the foul-mouthed New Zealander. It is the War which brings the three together. Hans and Eva are married; they love one another, but have to reckon with "the brutalising egocentricity of sex." "The man who is physically important to you," says Hans, advising his "Birdie," "is the man with whom you have to make your life. I'll be your best friend while I live, I hope, but you feel Evan is your mate, and that is concrete—we must start from that." So, with Hans's blessing and financial assistance, Evan and Eva go away together, but not to happiness—trust Eva for that. They quarrel, but still "Monkey Face" writes his "poor little kid" nine-page letters. Eventually Evan dies of a clot of blood on the brain, the result of a war-wound, aggravated, I suspect, by Eva's conversation, and Eva and Hans are left to sum up their philosophies.

An immense amount of labour has gone to the making of this book. Its sincerity is obvious. It has purpose and pattern. But the student of human nature will find it unsatisfactory because these people are never human beings, and I doubt whether the average reader will stay the fatiguing course.

DESIGN FOR A STAIRCASE. By Guy Pocock. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

Fifteen people or so live on the same staircase in a block of flats. They do not speak to each other. The accident of a fire on the ground-floor throngs landings and thaws tongues. The rest concerns the consequent reactions.

A STUDY OF YOUNG LOVE

by Norah Houit

Scandal of Spring.

By Martin Boyd. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)

Water Front.

By John Brophy. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)

The Wild Feather.

By Sybil Campbell Lethbridge. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)

Nightrider.

By Morna Stuart. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)

My Strange Wife.

By Philip Hughes. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

A Captain Departed.

By A. W. Smith. 7s. 6d. (Davies.)



Philip Hughes

"Scandal of Spring" is described as "a study of adolescent love"—and here we are faced with the prospect of walking on such familiar ground that we yawn

a little in anticipation. By this time we are conversant with the delicate raptures of those who have fed on honey-dew. Young Woodley has been interpreted with all the tenderness which is his meed; and when we find that the main protagonist is a lad of eighteen, we feel all the more that we are well primed in advance.

But the author of "Scandal of Spring" has drawn his picture in much firmer lines than usual. Here is one of those rare books in which we believe in everything that is happening. It was, we are convinced, just like that. All the people, including the boy's father, the sneering, determinedly material-minded Mr. Vaxetti, to the girl's mother who, apparently plump and easygoing, yet exploits the young people's growing affection to her own ends, are more than lifelike—they are alive.

The tragedy of the boy of eighteen running away with the girl still under the age of consent is aided by the obtuseness of all those about Paul; it is the dull world of the village, where tiny scratches make for the hurting and vivid disillusionment of youth believing itself completely friendless and betrayed. Paul does not come out of his own enchantment until, by a fine, sharp stroke of the author's insight, he meets Madge again when he is in the dock. The defending lawyer has asked her if she doesn't think Paul has suffered sufficiently:

"At last Madge was looking at him—but like a stranger. Her eyes were like Mrs. Harding's—blue and implacable.

"No," she said. "He has ruined my life. I want him to suffer properly."

"... After his first amazement, he felt suddenly cold and free. He was indignant, astonished, and yet in some queer way he was both angry and glad."

The book ends with Paul's resumption of his old boyish relationships with his father and boy friend. We have been given an episode, but it is one of those significant episodes which have roots; in this instance it signals the beginning of the long upward road to maturity. This is not a book to be missed.

With Mr. Brophy we move into a less subtle and also less real world. It is less real even though this story of a Liverpool dockside family in which the mother, the elder daughter and the priggish schoolboy son hold on to a hardly won respectability, is told with that unrestrained vigour which passes as the hall-mark of realism.

But though conventional, this is a story with many points in its favour. It is swift and easy reading; and the incidents relating to the unwelcome return of the sailor husband, culminating in the murder he commits in a drunken fury, are credible. Considered as a long short story, running on broad lines with at least one moving scene, "Water Front" is completely successful.

From Mrs. Campbell Lethbridge we anticipate the more detailed, leisurely methods which is in the worthy tradition of the professional novelist who builds up a theme or plot

by refusing to skip the background. Nor are we disappointed. Here is a villain of a builder who seeks to destroy the beauty of an unspoilt seaside place in Cornwall; here is the heroine, fifty-five years of age but still beautiful and admired—a Lady Bountiful, who has in the past outwitted him. But the Lady Bountiful is actually as unscrupulous in her desire for power, admiration and gratitude as is Elisha Habershon in his climb upwards to riches and social status. They are well matched enemies, and there is a lively interest, as contrasted with the superficial interest of the purely conventional, in the story of the plots by which each counter the other. And the younger people are drawn on sure lines; there is specially a charming portrait of an unspoilt girl of seventeen who (remarkable feat) behaves like an unspoilt girl of seventeen.

Miss Morna Stuart's first novel, "Nightrider," is on the contrary a book which I find almost completely lacking in sustaining substance. A theatre magnate named Morgan collects an illegitimate son, Bill, aged twenty-three and in appearance something like King David, and brings him from his country shop to the world of London. This particular world of London consists of a lot of whimsical conversation and one or two rather farcical theatre intrigues and plots. In the end Bill and his father return together to the country. There are those who will find all the whimsy charming; I am not the right reader.

Mr. Philip Hughes has, I see, been acclaimed as "the late W. J. Locke's preordained successor." If this statement means that he can mix love and finance, the machinations of big business and crooks and scented boudoir scenes, with a deft hand, it is perfectly true. Here we read of a solicitor who married a strange young lady of great sex-appeal and much mystery, and finds himself involved in one of those plots which do nothing but get thicker and thicker. It is all good entertainment, though not quite accurately described on the dust-cover as "a delicate story of a modern marriage."

In "A Captain Departed," which comes last but is certainly not least on my list, the author gives photographic scene after scene of the professional soldier's life. The ribbon unrolls; childhood's memories of Russia, war in France, to Russia again, this time for comic-opera, anti-Bolshevik warfare; there is Cambridge and good wine; there is India and the infinite boredom of peacetime soldiering. Everything comes to us illumined by a vision which is exquisitely sensitive. The author can give us sights, sounds, smells with an apparent artlessness which recalls Miss Dorothy Richardson but, as with her, the irrelevant is omitted, and so the picture comes to us with a satisfying sense of completeness.

TO TELL THE TRUTH...

By Amabel Williams-Ellis. 5s. (Jonathan Cape.)

Every credit must be given to Mrs. Williams-Ellis for sincerity and even for passion. That rage which seizes on the humane when they are faced with political and economic callousness has been the driving force behind her book. Nevertheless it is not a good book. And because its faults of structure and method make it unlikely to appeal to any but the already converted, it is to be feared that all the effort behind the writing and publication of it will prove wasted effort. For to a political novel effectiveness is essential.

Recipe.—Take a young man of some native intelligence, but brought up in a closed circle of ideas. Put him suddenly into another equally closed circle of ideas. Describe his imagined reactions so as to make one of these circles seem ridiculous. The error is obvious at once. The temptation to deal in black-and-white is irresistible, and the resulting book is sure to depart widely from those mixed motives and uncertain characters that make the greys of real life. And a second fault inherent in the very scheme is that the young man's reactions, not being imagined by getting inside his character, but being contrived to produce some exterior effect, inevitably become unnatural. In fact this often-tried recipe will not produce either a sound novel or an effective weapon.

P. Weston Edwards

CONTEMPORARY ESSAYS : 1933. Edited, with an Introduction, by Sylva Norman. 10s. 6d. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

Miss Sylva Norman believes that the essay is falling out of use as a distinctive literary form to-day. The accuracy of her observation clearly depends on the meaning to be attributed to the word "essay." It would be hard, I think, to maintain that a large variety of topics are no longer discussed and analysed in prose and at less than volume length. A large number of reviews and periodicals are composed almost entirely of exercises of this kind; and collections in book form of essays on politics, economics, art, literature, science, religion, philosophy and numerous other subjects can scarcely be said to be in process of disappearing from publishers' lists. Moreover fiction, the vogue for which Miss Norman is inclined to blame for the alleged obsolescence of the essay, can never be a substitute for critical or expository prose. What sort of "essay" then is that about which Miss Norman is so concerned? Probably the sort which—if I may be permitted a crude antithesis—aims at being "creative" rather than "critical," which, in a word, may be regarded as a substitute for poetry or fiction.

Prejudice apart, however, let us see how Miss Norman has gone about her task of *Saving the Essay*. Her method was simple. She just asked a more or less random selection of people (twelve in number) to write about anything they liked, and then roughly classified their contributions under the headings: "The Country," "Books and Authors," "The Visionary Gleam" and "Sketches from Experience." The result is, as might be expected, a heterogeneous assortment of pieces of widely varying merit and interest.

Personally I enjoyed Peter Fleming's "The Returned Traveller" most. Its tone of sophisticated exasperation, its occasional wit, and its civilised humour afforded me exquisite relief after a period of conscientious attention paid to the rural meandering of Miss Kate O'Brien, in whose "smooth rhythm," as the editor so justly observes, "personal musing, snowdrops, and reflective truths on country novelists are interwoven with peculiar happiness." James Laver deserves commendation if only for the best remark in the book, namely: "For democracy there are no holy places, only good times coming." Actually however his rather wordy dissertation on the Lewisian theme of "The Triumph of Time" is by no means without interest.

For the rest, Michael Roberts, whose chosen subject is Love, reminds one of Beachcomber at his most bogus-rabelaisian—except that Mr. Roberts's Latin grammar is shaky (e.g. *in montis* for *in montibus*), and Beachcomber, of course, is occasionally funny. Mr. Tangye Lean's writing (on "The Spirit of Death" in the "Visionary Gleam" section) might be described as pretentiousness on the surface and platitude very near it. Naomi Mitcheson is angry and bewildered at the contemporary situation, as indeed she has every right to be; but since, to my infinite discredit, I am no good at Facing Things, nor much concerned about What it's All For, her commendable candour and sincerity failed to impress me except as rather tiresome.

Graham Greene contributes a thoughtful and well-written essay on Henry James, and Richard Goodman a "Foot-note to Lawrence." As literary criticism is in no danger of dying out, it is hard to see why these two essays—though quite worth reading for themselves—should have been included in this volume, where, in fact, they appear somewhat out of place.

The last essay in the book is entitled "Fall in, Ghosts" and, as you probably guess, is a mannered and tactfully sentimental performance on a war theme by Mr. Edmund Blunden.

Gilbert Armitage

THE DIFFUSION OF CULTURE. By G. Elliot Smith. 7s. 6d. (Watts.)

Professor Elliot Smith contributes here no new evidence for his theory of the diffusion of culture, but has set out to restate his contention and to explain away the theories of the upholders of the opposed school of spontaneous evolution, partly by examining the forces of religion and

THE BOOK-

Being short reviews of
Biography, History, Art,

by BASIL MAINE, HUGH L'ANSON FAUSSET,
GEORGE BARKER, VERNON KNOWLES,

natural science which influenced them at the time during which they were writing.

His first chapter, setting out the problem of diffusion, contains a brief but stimulating account of the spread of Islam from Arabia, through Europe, through Asia to the East Indies, and south to the heart of Africa. Taking this example as a premise, he asserts that primitive beliefs and customs were diffused in a similar manner.

The next two chapters deal with the problem of American culture, and are devoted largely to a criticism of the works of Robertson and Prescott. Professor Elliot Smith has collected much evidence of the infiltration of culture into America from the Pacific, but does not make clear what he considers was the precise nature and culture of the aboriginal population of America, which, he states, was "derived from groups of immigrants who made their way from the extreme north-east of Asia across the Bering Strait to Alaska and thence to the whole continent."

The fourth chapter is concerned with Tylor, who contended, like Sir Roger de Coverley, that there was "much to be said on both sides." While admitting the undoubted evidence of a long continued process of diffusion, he credited the individual with a spark of wit and an ability to think.

Finally, Elliot Smith sets forth his belief that man has no instinctive urge to create a civilisation, that inventive genius is of extremely rare occurrence, that nowhere has it been recorded that any element of culture has been evolved independently in two separate places, and that the whole process of civilisation, as we know it to-day, was started "by a host of peculiar circumstances acting in close co-operation in one particular place," namely Egypt.

No student of history will deny the reality of diffusion. It occurs when two people exchange the simplest ideas and the process must have begun when human beings first attained the power of expressing their thoughts and emotions.

Diffusion provides an essential clue to the comprehension of the history of civilisation, but it is not enough for the primary aim of anthropological science, namely the proper understanding of the thoughts and actions of men and women.

In the course of his argument, Professor Elliot Smith also contends that people settled, not in the places most suitable for agriculture and subsistence, but in the arid desert or waste land where they could best obtain the raw material which they desired. However, Egypt alone affords an example where the concentration of population was not in the malachite and turquoise mines of Sinai, in the lapis-lazuli mines of Afghanistan, in the gold and silver mines of the Eastern Desert, but in the valley of the Nile, the place most suitable for agriculture, fishing and transport.

M. B.

THE UKIYOYE PRIMITIVES. By Yone Noguchi. (Privately published. London agents: Kegan Paul.)

DOLLS ON DISPLAY. By G. Caiger, F.R.G.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Tokio: Hokuseido Press.)

It would be difficult to make a Europe, whose allegiance in matters of taste for two centuries has been to China, to believe that anything very good could come out of Japan. Unfortunate infidelities in this respect during the nineteenth century have made us shy of admitting that Japan has occasionally produced works of art very well worth consideration. To this category the Ukiyoye prints of the Primitive period of Japanese art which began about 1650 and ended with the appearance of the Nishikiyoe or brocade picture in many colours in 1765. This superbly

MAN'S TABLE

a variety of books—
Travel and Fiction

GILBERT ARMITAGE, GEOFFREY GRIGSON,
REGINALD POLE AND OTHERS

produced book is illustrated with nearly one hundred pictures in colour and photographs, and maintains the high standard of workmanship which we have grown to expect in Japanese press-work. The second book deals with one of the most charming and at the same time one of the most impressive features of a Japan that is fast surrendering everything to Americanisation. The modernising of the calendar has robbed the Chrysanthemum Festival of its blossoms, and no longer is the peach associated with the Girls' Festival on March 3rd or the iris with the Boys' on May 5th; yet these two days remain two of the greatest days in the whole Japanese year. It is then that those semi-sacred miniature figures are brought out of their beautiful boxes, garbed in the traditional garments of Japan, and sit, tier upon tier for a whole day, not dolls at all, but symbols of greatness past, reminders of the necessity of the continuance of national life, and loyalty to tradition.

Among a people whose religion is based on ancestor worship this feeling of continuity can never be far below the surface, and going back through the centuries it is not a surprise to find that these little figures were once upon a time supposed to be capable of bearing human sins which they carried far away with them on fast flowing streams. It has been the custom in all ages to deify the scapegoat, and to-day these little figures of Emperor and Empress, the Five Musicians, the Imperial Guards, and scores of others, take rank of gods on two days of the year and sit enthroned among the children of the New Japan.

RIDDLES OF THE GOBI DESERT. By Sven Hedin. 18s. net. (Routledge.)

This is a continuation of the author's "Across the Gobi Desert," which was a best-seller in Sweden and Germany when it appeared a few years ago.

Those who expect a book's title to be descriptive of its contents will be surprised and probably a little irritated, for at least half this one's length is filled by the vast mass of matter apparently quite irrelevant to the Gobi Desert and its riddles. The free gifts of Primus stoves, the extraction of funds, endless lists of local celebrities in most parts of the world who have asked the author to dinner, the number of telegrams sent, the number received, and the infinite number which went astray, the lectures given, and at great length and in unnecessary detail, the author's protracted illness, are matters which may well weary the reader anxious to know more of that still almost unknown expanse of Inner Asia. He must wait, however, until the latter half of the book where he will find the reports of Sven Hedin's assistants on the meteorology, geology, orography, archaeology, and palæontology of their chosen territory.

Setting out in the summer of 1927, these eighteen scientists had an object more ambitious than any expedition of its kind had ever had before—to make a complete survey of that part of Asia lying between Peking and the Caspian Sea, and from Dzungaria on the north to the Himalayas on the south. In miles, roughly 3,000 by 1,200; and, as everyone knows, for the most part intractable desert. The term "survey" is used in its fullest sense. Those underlying parts beneath the earth were classified and searched for the fossils which gave the clue to the animal and vegetable life of a hundred million years ago, while the meteorologists investigated the laws governing the paths of the winds to a height of 20,000 metres above the surface of the earth. Things so diverse as the study of the effect of atmospheric movement on the shaping of the earth's solid crust, the ascertaining through the growing speed of pendulum oscillations the earth's form and mass, and the collecting of lama temples for re-erection in

Chicago and Stockholm, formed part of the programme of these ambitious Swedes as they made their slow and studious progress geographically, archaeologically, anthropologically and historically across the inmost heart of Asia.

R. P. Ross Williamson

FIRST RUSSIA, THEN TIBET. By Robert Byron. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)

When Mr. Byron visited Russia, he did a thing that nobody seems to have thought of doing since the Revolution. He went to see Russia, not to see Bolshevism. Unlike the "true intellectual" who "has never so much as glanced at a factory in his life," who spends "three weeks gaping at belt-conveyors invented in Detroit and returns to proclaim the dawn of human happiness, the author set out to view the landscape, the buildings, works of art, and be entertained by the people, their habits of mind and behaviour. The audacity of such an undertaking, and the frequent necessity of the author to sound "some note other than the Shavian parrot-song which all English visitors to Russia are expected to utter," combined with the daily railway smash, give the book something of the air of an adventure story and, needless to say, by his very irrelevance sees far more of Bolshevism than he would normally have done.

The book would be worth buying for two chapters—on "The Russian Æsthetic," where for the first time we seem to be given a concise review of the factors that go towards making the Russian style, how much it owes to Byzantium, how much to the successive waves of imported Italians; and the second is the chapter in "Early Russian Painting." The second part of the book opens with two chapters describing a journey by the Indian Air Mail. It is a most difficult thing to make air travel sound interesting at this time of day. Reiteration of a novelty wearied of sooner than most have created a nausea of this kind of literature, yet Mr. Byron makes us believe again that travel by air is indeed an excitement and a wonder. The author explains that the choice of Tibet as a second field of discovery presents a diversity symbolical of "those formidable contradictions which make it a privilege and a puzzle to be alive in the twentieth century." Tibet has remained as completely immune from the "virus of the machine" as Russia has succumbed to it. The scene too confirms these extremes. Russia is lower and has less colour than any country on earth; Tibet is higher and abounds in more colour than can be found anywhere. Indeed the descriptions paint a land so very unusual that if it were not for the recurring human factors of headache due to altitude, faces peeled to yellow jelly and rest-houses equipped with bound volumes of *Punch*, it would cease to be real altogether.

SOVIET LITERATURE. An Anthology edited and translated by George Reavey and Marc Slonim. 8s. 6d. (Wishart.)

This anthology, the fourth or fifth of its kind but the most ambitious so far, is not as comprehensive as it might have been and for that reason does not give an entirely complete picture either of life under Soviet rule or of Soviet literary achievement. But with these reservations it is an excellent work, well translated and arranged and giving a much better idea of Soviet life and ideology than is to be found in anti-Bolshevist accounts of fortnights' tours in the Soviet Union or pro-Bolshevist tracts on "Stalinism in the Communal Kitchen."

THROUGH FASCISM TO WORLD POWER. By Ion S. Munro. 12s. 6d. (Maclehose.)

The spirit of Fascism is far more dangerous than its political reforms, a few of which have considerable logic to recommend them. Dictators have to rely on a false emotionalism to retain their power, and the manner in which Fascism excites the mind and clouds the reason is well illustrated in this book. Even the chapter-heads read like those usually to be found in a schoolboy novelette, and the list of illustrations like the synopsis of a Hollywood film.

The chief merit of the book is that it contains lengthy extracts from Mussolini's article on Fascism in the "Enciclopedia Italiana."

The children of Italy are taught that Mussolini is always right, and that they must accept his orders without discussion. He certainly needs some such protection against an inquiry into the soundness of his logic. He realises that the only way a man can be free in a state organically conceived is by having his desires moulded from birth to be identical with those of the state.

Fascism is a deception for, while setting up the idea of freedom in law, it is compelled to enforce its will objectively on people who do not want to submit to it. And in re-identifying law with morality, the old Roman conception from which Europe has been vainly struggling to extricate itself, Fascism reveals itself as anti-Christian and reactionary. Read this book and you will see it for yourself.

Robert Waller

LONDON PRISONS OF TO-DAY AND YESTERDAY : Plain Facts and Coloured Impressions. By Albert Crew, Barrister-at-Law. 10s. 6d. net. (Nicholson & Watson.)

"A Member of the Middle Temple" is to be congratulated that his main impulse for writing is not the mere history or regimen of the prisons of yesterday or to-day. He naturally does this part of his work lucidly and concisely, as a barrister might be expected. Newgate, from the twelfth century to the twentieth, affords ample opportunity for a brisk tale. And Pentonville, Wandsworth and Brixton offer their concatenation of crime and punishment, if theirs is a somewhat less fearsome story. To-day there is added Wormwood Scrubs, with its Borstal system, and Holloway, unique in that it is governed by a medical man who is in supreme charge.

Prison industries, dietary, religious services, prison amenities and privileges, such as the debate and weekly reading of current news, every hour of the daily round—in fact there is no side of prison life which has escaped the author. But with all this, he never forgets that his main theme is the prison of to-morrow. He states accurately that there is little enlightened and intelligent public opinion on prisons and prisoners. The attitude of the law-abiding to the criminal is callous indifference or active hostility. Even judges and magistrates rarely visit a prison. So with his plea towards the "Utopian prison," he is nobly carrying on the work of Elizabeth Fry and John Howard. We may be far removed from the time (in 1841) when in one hulk at Woolwich there were more than six hundred convicts herded together. But a new outlook on the whole question of punishment is overdue. The Tate Gallery stands on the site of the old Millbank Prison. It may be futile to hope that a Palace of the Muses will replace Pentonville. But with increasing individualisation of punishment—upon which reform of any kind ultimately depends—our penitentiaries may become something of mere bogey names. It is such work as Mr. Crew's which will have helped most towards the metamorphosis.

I FACE THE STARS. By Geoffrey Moss. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. Moss is well known for his neat, easy style of craftsmanship. His new book is the story of the New Germany from 1923 to 1933. It needs a large canvas to do justice to the struggles of an aristocratic family, attempting to enter into the spirit of a defeated nation. A sketch will not do, for although we have its surface beauty, we miss its depth and breadth. Mr. Moss does know his ground and people and one feels a tinge of regret that he has not placed in our hands a greater book, one that would have stood out from its fellows, one that had power, depth, breadth and colour. For such an idea and ideal demand these essential attributes. A portrait of the New Germany cannot carry its full message if it is only a neat, easily written yarn that has a good chance of complete oblivion after reading.

MENTAL HEALERS. By Stefan Zweig. 15s. (Cassell.)

Franz Anton Mesmer, Mary Baker Eddy and Sigmund Freud. These are the subjects of three profound character studies by a penetrating and fair-minded author. Stefan

Zweig is here concerned to "portray ideas as embodied in certain human lives." "A thought grows in a man's brain," he writes in a fascinating introduction, "and then leaps from this man to invade the whole world. It seems to me that such a spiritual happening makes the idea more concretely intelligible than could any formal or detailed history of its origin and spread." This method of discussing mental healing in which the author is obviously deeply interested, although he states that he is not a practitioner nor has he been practised upon, results in an extremely enlightening book which no one interested in the subject will want to miss.

The essay on Mesmer is perhaps the best, though it is the shortest. The story of this courteous savant, learned in philosophy, law and medicine, distinguished musician and friend of Mozart, is less familiar to an English public than the extraordinary vicissitudes of Mary Baker Eddy. Though a superficial knowledge of the teaching of Freud is a commonplace, the man himself has never sought publicity and this account of him and his work will find a warm welcome among those who appreciate the value of his achievement in enabling man to know himself better.

THE CAMBERWELL MIRACLE. By J. D. Beresford. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

In this novel Mr. Beresford discusses the question of mental healing, or perhaps it would be truer to say that he throws his weight firmly on the side of the believers. Martin Davies, a general practitioner in Camberwell, gradually becomes aware that he possesses this power, and the story is largely concerned with the opposition he meets with from the die-hard faction of the medical profession.



Portrait by E. O. Hoppé.

Mr. J. D. Beresford

Mr. Beresford is always readable, but here is so much more interested in the argument than his characters that parts of the book read like the bare synopsis of a plot. It is long since he gave us anything comparable in its haunting atmosphere and dramatic power with "The Prisoners of Hartling."

UNCOUTH SWAIN. By Roger Dattler. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

The great resemblance between the times subsequent to the Napoleonic Wars and our own years make this novel interesting from the social historian's point of view. The hero, a miner, moves against a background of political and social upheavals, unemployment, and general discontent of the Yorkshire of a hundred years ago which seems strangely like the Yorkshire of to-day. Those who remember Mr. Dattler's early writing (small pieces to do with coal-mining, outstanding in their vigour and precision, which appeared in the *Adelphi* some years ago) and those who admired the shrewdness of vision in his "A Pitman Looks at Oxford," will be disappointed in his first full-length work in fiction. But he must know, as well as anyone else, that there still exist forms of literature other than the full-length novel.

TEN TALES. By William Maginn. 5s. (Scholartis Press.)

The zest and vivacity of these ten stories could be proved in the right place (that is, upon the Irish peasantry) to this day, written though they were over one hundred years ago by that admirable duellist, Dr. William Maginn. Most of them are no more than a zealous recounting of the stories told each other, from generation to generation, by the Leinster Irish: and most of them, so far from having

suffered by Maginn's recording of them, live with the same fierce, almost demoniac verve as undulates the voice of Irishers in the telling of them. I have heard them told; and now read them, in Maginn's words, for the first time: they have suffered no perceptible detriment in the change; an assertion one could make concerning few legendary stories after passing through a pen.

"'So-so,' said Six-and-Eightpence—'this—this—is strictly confiddle-confid-confiddledential. Do-do not say a word about it. I ought not to have to-told it—but, you do-dog, you wheedled it out of me. Da-dang it, I could not re-refuse your father's so-son. You are very like him—as I sa-saw him sitting many a ti-time in that cha-chair. But you nev-never will have his spu-spunk in a sho-shoot [suit]. There, the lands of Arry-arry-arry-bally-bally-beg-beg-clock-clough-macde-de-duagh—confound the wo-word—of Arryballybegcloughmacduagh, the finest be-bog in the country, are ye-yours"—that in itself surely carries the value of the volume's five shillings?

George Barker

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE BANTU. By Alice Werner. 15s. (Harrap.)

The anthropological journalist who wishes to present the result of his researches in the form which used to be known as "suitable for household reading," is confronted with very great difficulties. One cannot blame him for confining his reports to the scientific journals when the penalty for venturing outside their covers is to be listed in the booksellers' catalogues under "Curious." If he is not a good story teller, or if he is a stickler for exactitude, he had better confine himself to the journal, but if he is skilful enough to tell a story well, within the prescribed limits, then he must be encouraged to come out and tell it to us, because a good story is always worth while. The tragedy is that, robbed of so much, it will remain nothing more than a story, where formerly it had held an importance amounting to an article of religion, and its recital even an exposition of faith.

However, the collector of these stories is a woman and she can tell them exceedingly well, and her book, strictly speaking, does not pretend to be an anthropological study. In answer to the question "Who are the Bantu?" it may be instructive to quote Dr. Werner's reply that "Bantu is now the generally accepted name for those natives of South Africa (the great majority) who are neither Hottentots nor Bushmen—that is to say, mainly, the Zabus, Xosas (Thafins), Basuto, and Bechuana—to whom may be added the Thongas (Shangaans) of the Delagoa Bay region and the people of Southern Rhodesia, commonly, though incorrectly, called Mashaud." It will be seen that this list covers a great variety of racial types, the tall strongly-made Zulu differing vastly from the short and sturdy Pokomo canoe-man, and the over-tall, and too-thin men of the Hereros from the small, active and wiry Anyanja of Nyasaland, so it is misleading to speak of a Bantu race.

The remarkable and binding feature about these peoples is that their language possesses almost identically the same grammar, differing no more than French does from Spanish or English from Danish. Where it originally came from and how it spread no one knows, although conjecture has it that it came from somewhere in the region of the Great Lakes and spread towards the south and east about two or three thousand years ago. The mass of the stories are what one may term ghost stories, that is, they concern themselves with the spirits of the dead. This is not unnatural when the main feature of the religion consists of a cult of the dead and the belief in a High God, if not entirely forgotten, has become very vague. The dead may return in the form of animals, so animal stories are in a preponderance too. Among these we find the original characters of the "Uncle Remus" stories, only it was not until the Negroes reached the American slave plantations that Brer Rabbit took the place of the hare of an Africa that knows no rabbit south of the Sahara. Perhaps the strangest case of diffusion (although Dr. Werner generally disagrees with the Diffusionist Theory of fairy-stories) is the case of Æsop's Fables. The thirty-first chapter of the Koran is called the Chapter of Lokman, a great fabulist

among the Arabs and a man reputed to have known David. He was a black man—an Ethiopian, and it is supposed that he is no other than the Æsop of the Greeks. To-day he circulates again in the country of his origin translated back again into the vernacular, along with the recent introductions of Grimm's fairy tales.

THE LIFE OF ADAM LINDSAY GORDON. By Edith Humphris. 8s. 6d. net. (Partridge.)

This is a disjointed and anecdotal biography of the "Burns of Australia and the Laureate of the Centaurs." Adam Lindsay Gordon was born at Fayal in the Azores in 1833. The *Melbourne Argus* of June 27th, 1870, published an account of an inquest "on the body of Adam Lindsay Gordon, aged thirty-seven years, who shot himself on the 24th inst. From the Azores to Australia was a far cry indeed in those days. And when it is said that this narrative is disconnected it must be admitted that it is necessarily so. For Gordon's intimates were not *littérateurs*—who might have cherished his memory more expressively—but completely unlettered. The author has had no easy task in piecing together gleanings from England and the Antipodes, and if there is something of the jigsaw puzzle about the picture, it is the more authentic.

Our author lets the drama speak for itself—and for once a poet's life is bound up with that of a "do-er," although Adam Lindsay Gordon was the negation of everything understood by the go-getter." "He had the look of a man who had lost himself," was said of him. Gordon may or may not have been feckless, he was ever unlucky—as the world counts it. An election row in Adelaide in 1853 saw Gordon's entry into Australian life. In the rear of a score of constables was a figure in a scarlet coat and hunting breeches—Gordon—who was to become the national poet of Australia. The story of course abounds in scarlet coats, and with horses, who were more Gordon's intimates than was ever a single man. Tribute must be paid to the note on Cheltenham in the Eighteen-Forties, and the sketch of Lord Fitzhardinge," swearing as *no* one would know how to swear in these days; in words no one could even think of."

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ALICE B. TOKLAS. 8s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

Alice B. Toklas in a sense is Miss Gertrude Stein. Miss Stein appears to feel herself a dual personality. The duller person, the person who just lives and therefore just writes, is Miss Toklas, her friend and companion. The person who writes masterpieces, who is the friend of modern masters such as Braque and Picasso, is Miss Stein. Autobiographically this artifice is neither profitable nor damaging. It puzzles the reader a little bit to begin with, but soon he is used to Miss Stein-Toklas, to her steady flow of oddly punctuated sentences, to her lower-case initial letters, to her supreme individualism, to her life on a placid, self-satisfied yet charming *isola bella* of her own. Miss Stein appears as an intriguing person, but not as an intriguing creative or critical person. Frequently her criticisms are empty, and egoistically she appears certain of her own pre-eminence in English literature. Put this self-conceit on one side (it is innocent, not arrogant), and there is much left to enjoy in the self-revelation and the ironic anecdotes. She has much to say of Cézanne's Vollard, of Pablo Picasso, of Rousseau le Douanier; of the beginnings in general of what is called the "modern movement in art." Of Berenson she tells a malicious and enjoyable story. He had imagined pompously that a number of young artists with whom he was eating were being enthusiastic over Theodore Rousseau. Miss Stein in a few simple words fixes for ever one's positive idea of this Dictator of the Quattrocento. Elsewhere she reports deliciously her dismissal of Ezra Pound. One grows to like Miss Stein as a sturdy, simple-seeming maiden-buffalo from the unexploited prairies of the U.S.A.; to admire and envy her absolutely oblivious attitude to all that she has no wish to see. The sincerity, and often the irony of this book is most engaging; and it contains photographs of Picasso, Marie Laurencin, Miss Stein herself and of a good Picasso ceiling painting, "Homage to Gertrude."

Geoffrey Grigson

FROM VERSE TO WORSE. By Lionel, Lord Tennyson. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

In the happiness of the title to this volume of memoirs, and in the dedication to the immortal Laureate—"Still the greatest Author in the Family"—we get a clear indication of the light-hearted, optimistic author who from his Eton days has been talked of with an indulgent and kindly smile, and loved by a large public for his sportsmanship.

Written in a breezy style, Lord Tennyson draws a realistic portrait of the life of a young man determined to enjoy himself, but never forgetting to keep fit enough to captain England's Eleven. As literature it is easy to fault the book; it is conversational rather than literary, and we feel throughout that the author is labouring under an unnecessary but perfectly understandable inferiority complex. Grandson of the great Victorian poet, and brought up in his house—"There always seemed an atmosphere about Farringford which it was extremely difficult to live up to. Perhaps no one without a similar experience could understand exactly what I mean. It was the sort of atmosphere which makes one whisper in a church even when it is quite empty. . . . Trees planted by the old poet grew right up to it—a giant ilex of which he was inordinately proud pushed its great arms almost in at the windows, and on a windy night tapped the panes with its fingers."

Educated at Eton—where he first distinguished himself at cricket—and Cambridge, he joined the army. In 1913 he was chosen by the M.C.C. to play against Oxford University, and later was sent with a team to South Africa. After the War he captained Hampshire, and in 1919 was elected the captain of the England Eleven. Later he took Mr. Solly Joel's team to South Africa and a M.C.C. team to the West Indies. The chief value of the book for the future probably lies in a record of cricket in the troublous times just before and just after the War.

Gwladys Wheeler

BULWER AND HIS WIFE: a Panorama—1803-1836. By Michael Sadleir. 9s. (Constable.)

This is a new edition of the book which appeared two years ago under the title of "Edward and Rosina." Mr. Sadleir would appear to have altered nothing except the title—nor was any alteration called for in so finished a performance. Few indeed have combined so happily as he the talent of the novelist and the biographer. Occasionally perhaps he leaves an impression of being a little too intimately acquainted with the hidden motives of his characters, and if he is capable of prejudice, I cannot help feeling it is against Lady Caroline Lamb, whom even one of her victims described as that "most fascinating, bewildering, attractive creature I ever knew—one whom the more I know of her the more convinced I am has been 'more sinned against than sinning.'" That may well have been the deluded tribute of one who was temporarily and disastrously infatuated. But I cannot believe that Lady Caroline Lamb was quite as consciously sadistic as Mr. Sadleir suggests she was. He seldom however allows the impulse of the romantic novelist to carry him away, and when he advances a conjecture he frankly describes it as such. Nor is his imagination confined only to people. His interest in social history, or "period-investigation" as he calls it, was first notably displayed on his book on Trollope, and here is revealed in his study of the temper and fashions of the eighteenth-twenties and the illuminating parallel he draws between the post-war epochs of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Add to this his intimate concern with the development of the novel, his critical appreciation of Bulwer's early novels, and his deft account of the literary world of authors, critics and editors in which Bulwer moved, and the diversity of interest and aspect contained in this book will be suggested. But the heart of it, as the title proclaims, is "the almost fabulous history of passion, disillusionment, quarrelling, hatred, ostentation, toil and achievement," which the young Bulwer and his wife crowded into the nine years of their married life. And here, while the novelist can at times very effectively heighten the drama, he never betrays either the bias of

the partisan or the perfunctory sympathy of one who is exploiting human folly or suffering for literary effect. The story contains so much of folly, is indeed rooted in it, since both Bulwer and Rosina were the victims of a disastrous upbringing, that it might well weary the reader by its continuously futile excess. But, as Mr. Sadleir tells it, it not only moves to pity as "the tragic story of a love soured into relentless hate," but preserves too, even amid the vulgar extravagance which he so impartially exposes, an undeniable quality of romance. And if he is apt perhaps to attribute too final and formative a fatality to certain early incidents in Bulwer's career, his definition of him as being throughout his life "an intellect betrayed by character" is penetrating and is sensitively elaborated. Nearly forty years of that life still remain to be told and this new edition is equally welcome for itself and as a possible portent that its successor is on the way.

Hugh I'A. Fausset

KENNETH GRAHAME: LIFE, LETTERS AND UNPUBLISHED WORK. By Patrick R. Chalmers. With 15 illustrations, 2 facsimile letters and a pedigree. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The man of letters does not lend himself to biography as the man of action, and yet there will always be a peculiar interest in the whys and wherefores of an author's life, and in the circumstances which occasioned the work in which he really has his being. There is very little to say of Kenneth Grahame—he was a banker, and a man it would seem, and as one would have judged from his books, sufficient unto himself. "Men and women with whom his lot was cast respected him deeply, admired him greatly, loved him dearly even—and never knew him at all."

The author quotes one of Grahame's earliest jottings, from the works of Caxton on the boyhood of Edmund, saint, bishop and confessor: "He lefte their felawshipp and went allone into a meadowe and under an hedge he sayd his devociions. And sodeynlye there apperyed tofore him a fayer chylde in white clothyng which sayde, 'Hayle, felawe that goest allone!'" This incomparably conveys that sense of remoteness, of "otherness," which is apparent in all Grahame's work—and his whole literary output was exceedingly small. A secretary of the Bank of England, a man's man, keen on sport, with flashes of wit that played around any subject, "and with silences that half revealed things beyond reach of words, he seemed at once a child and a king"—so said "Q." It is the "child" the author brings out, however much his subject, with his own "well-nigh too praiseworthy for praise" golden words on the golden age—plays hide-and-seek with Mr. Chalmers.

JEAN DE RESZKE. By Clare Leiser. 18s. (Gerald Howe.)

Jean de Reszke's last appearance on the stage was about thirty years ago. To the younger generation of to-day his name conveys nothing more than a vague impression of glamorous singing. It means less than Caruso's name, especially since the latter's gramophone recordings have been reconditioned and given a new lease of life. The tremendous physical force of Caruso's voice is at least credible to the new opera public, even if some are inclined to sympathise with the Chinese young man who, after hearing one of Caruso's records, asked: "Why does he shout so?" But Jean de Reszke's renown is less definitely convincing to the young men and women who now attend opera performances. They believe it to be a typical product of Victorian hero worship. There is nothing more exasperating than to have a dead singer's praises sung. It is a poor kind of substitute for the actual experience of his voice. And, just as the new generation is convinced that Sir Henry Irving would now be judged as something less than a very fine actor, so is it convinced that some of the great singers of the past have had greatness thrust upon them by means of romantic and uncritical reminiscence.

Miss Leiser's book on Jean de Reszke is not likely to change that conviction. That it is a sentimental book this passage will indicate: "It was the glory of this Polish artist so to use the human voice that his singing flooded

the hearts of his listeners with a dreamy consciousness of beauty which quickened their very souls and illuminated life itself. Above all, he reaffirmed for them the eternal verities of courage and loyalty and love; for it was out of that domain that he spoke to them most directly and poignantly, helping them to a vicarious expression of thoughts and feelings that lie too deep for ordinary speech. Like another and gentler Prometheus, he reached into the celestial regions where music dwells, seized some of the supreme splendour, and brought it down to beauty-hungry, love-hungry mortals."

It would be a pity however if any reader turned aside after encountering these sentences at the beginning of the book, for it holds an abundance of valuable evidence which can be used for the recreation of an epoch in the history of the opera stage.

The story of this life begins with the origins of the de Reszke family in Poland, the discovery of a talent for music in Jean, in his brother Edouard and his sister Josephine, of whose later career on the operatic stage the present generation is hardly aware. Like many other tenors, Jean started with the mistaken idea that he was a baritone. (Incidentally such an error is not so serious as that which many natural baritones make in forcing themselves by hot-house methods to blossom as tenors.) As soon as his voice was permitted to wing its way to its proper region, his success in such rôles as Romeo, Lohengrin and Raoul was irresistible. The climax of these triumphs arrived when he sang, as if to answer a challenge, as Siegfried in German.

The weakness of such critical writing as this is that it offers no evidence to persuade us that the critic himself has understood "every phrase of the music." But this is not to say that Jean de Reszke did not deserve the tribute. Indeed he may have been worthy of an even more discerning one.

As a teacher his name became even more illustrious, and one advantage of Miss Leiser's book is the contact it provides through the medium of his pupils' testimonies, highly romantic though some of these are. The many portraits, letters (some reproduced in facsimile) and extracts from contemporary criticism, testify to the conscientiousness by which this book was made.

Basil Maine

SULGRAVE MANOR AND THE WASHINGTONS. By H. Clifford Smith. 15s. net. (Jonathan Cape.)

When Sir Isaac Heard, Garter King-of-Arms, wrote to George Washington in 1791 to question him concerning his ancestry, the President's reply showed that he professed to have little knowledge of his forbears, or indeed, little interest in them; whence they had come he did not know, but there was a vague tradition in the family that the line originated in the North of England. This vagueness about such an important matter as lineage was not good enough for Sir Isaac Heard, any more than it would suffice the ancestor-worshipping American of to-day; if the President would not help himself in this important business he must be helped. So it was discovered that a certain Lawrence Washington, direct ancestor at seven removes from the first President of the United States, founded a family at Sulgrave Manor in Northamptonshire in the year 1540. This decent, unpretentious farm-house, typical of the age and locality, has since become a "shrine of Anglo-American friendship, a place of pilgrimage, and a symbol of the kinship between the two great English-speaking peoples"; it is the Mecca for seven to ten thousand pilgrims every year, and is the scene of sentimental gambolling on the part of ambassadors, senators, and other important visitors on frequent occasions.

This is the fullest account of the house, its history, furnishings, gardens and grounds that has yet appeared, and as a guide-book combines sumptuousness with utility.

Reginald Pole

THE COUNTRY HOUSES OF KENT. By Arthur Oswald. 12s. 6d. net. (Country Life.)

WATERMILLS AND WINDMILLS. By William Coles Finch. 15s. net. (Daniel.)

These two books present a striking contrast in the matter of discrimination. To select a representative series of

houses from a county so richly endowed with them is a task requiring tact as much as technical knowledge. It is sufficient praise to say that the result is as good as one would expect from such a fortunate combination of subject, author and publisher.

Mr. Finch, in his attempt to give an historical survey of the rise, decline and fall of the mill as portrayed by those of Kent, has adapted a different course. He has included in his unwieldy volume every water-mill, windmill, or relic of either—and they are mostly relics—remaining within the boundaries of the county. It is difficult to understand what satisfaction can be derived from the discovery of lost sites, and the relating of half legendary facts concerning a multitude of derelicts, other than the appeasing of a very punctilious conscience.

LINCOLN. By M. R. Lambert and M. S. Sprague. With illustrations by R. Walker. 10s. 6d. (Blackwell.)

This handsome volume gives an admirable outline of the history of the city and cathedral of Lincoln from pre-Roman times to the present day. As the recently retired Bishop, Dr. Swayne, remarks in his preface, not the least merit of the book is the obvious enthusiasm for their subject displayed by its authors. Both the city and the minster are epitomes of the history of England, and the story as here recorded will give pleasure to the learned and whet the interest of the uninitiated. In their choice of material and in their comments the writers have skilfully steered their way between generalisation and mere guide-book details. High praise must be given to the very attractive drawings by Mr. Walker and to the publishers for the excellence of the production. The volume is clearly marked out to be a most acceptable gift-book.

THE MILK IN THE COCONUT. By W. Barnard Faraday. 7s. 6d. (Denis Archer.)

About the year 1940 a sort of super-scientific age sets in on this earth, and the amazing discovery is made that "most men have souls." Thereupon we follow the fortunes of a newspaper baron, two scientists (the one who made the great discovery and the other who elaborated it), and two South Sea Island savages. Each of these people, in his own way, dies and is translated to a spiritual region named Etheria, where their pasts are looked into and their futures arranged. The Controller of the Souls Disposal Board (a figure that makes one recall the play "Outward Bound") looks over the batches of newly-arrived and deals with them as he thinks fit. His first impulse is almost invariably the incinerator. Book-reviewers for instance:

"Have they got souls?" asked the Controller curiously.
 "'Must have. Here's a big case labelled 'Nits. Not Wanted on Voyage.' What shall I do with them?'"
 "'Incinerator,' said the Controller briefly."

and, more deservedly perhaps, Bright Young Things, the Modern Girl, Lounge Lizards and Gigolos are likewise consigned to destruction. But the newspaper baron, the scientists and the savages return to earth again, and the author's rather ponderous satirical machinery creaks on. Though not written by an undergraduate, the book has about it the authentic undergraduate flavour. There is a great deal of mild guying of the famous: of Wells, Shaw, Chesterton, Epstein, Jeans and so forth. But too often the humour is of the juvenile kind—there is a joke concerning the surname Sidebottom, for instance; another that asserts that Mr. MacDonald "is resting at Lossiemouth, having contracted a cold at Chequers because of the draughts."

Vernon Knowles

AH KING. By W. Somerset Maugham. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Mr. Maugham, as his plays have shown, can write telling dialogue. Evidence of this capacity is to be found in his new book of short stories, but his conversational style becomes less impressive by being allowed to flow over into the narrative. These slices of white life in Malaya are picked up in bars and clubs, over "tiffin" or "stengahs" (two of the author's few concessions to local colour),



Mr. Somerset Maugham

and are relayed for us in a formless, discursive manner that suggests (as it is doubtless intended to suggest) their origin. A calm, slightly cynical treatment of tempestuous passions is what we expect from Mr. Maugham, but there is about most of these stories something incredibly cheap and second-hand that is unpleasantly reminiscent of certain American films woven around the irreconcilability of East and West. The last story in the book ("Neil Macadam") is the best because the most economically told. "The Vessel of Wrath" has an excellent idea, ruinously over-written. It is scarcely fair to mention the "blurb" in the review of a book, but what on earth is the "unembarrassing chastity" of Mr. Maugham's style of which the dust cover speaks?

F. W.

RACKETS, SQUASH RACKETS, TENNIS, FIVES AND BADMINTON. Edited by Lord Aberdare. 15s. (Seeley, Service.)

The editors of the Lonsdale Library are rapidly approaching the point when every notable sport and game will be

covered by one or other of their volumes. In their latest volume they bring together five games which have distinct affinities with each other, and in doing so they have produced a book which is unique in sporting literature. All players of any of the games which are dealt with will find the book of great interest, and it will probably induce them to try their hand at games which they have not previously tackled.

The fact that the chapters on tennis and rackets are contributed by Mr. E. M. Baerlein, who was amateur champion of both these games for a great many years, is enough to show that the editors have chosen the greatest experts who were available; and Mr. Baerlein writes admirably on both tennis and rackets. Tennis players will be interested to find that he is a staunch supporter of the "railroad" service, which he describes as "possibly the most effective of all services," and his pronouncement will probably have the effect of making this service a part of every tennis player's equipment. Squash rackets is dealt with by Mr. E. Snell and Major T. Moss, in consultation with Captain J. E. Tomkinson, and their chapters are particularly useful in view of the growing popularity of the game; while fives is described by Mr. David Egerton and Mr. John Armitage, and badminton by Sir George A. Thomas. Mr. Armitage has also written some valuable chapters on the history of ball games, and although the history of tennis is well enough known, his account of the development of the other games contains a good deal of original material. The book has over a hundred illustrations, and the pictures, combined with the text, should enable the average player of any of the five games to improve his play considerably.

E. H.

NO SOLUTION

Above and below
The roll of days spread out like a cloth
Days engraved on everyone's forehead
Days coloured like prisms
Yesterday folding To-morrow opening
To-day like a horse without a rider
To-day a drop of water falling into a lake
To-day a white light above and below

A fan of days held in a virgin hand
A burning taper burning paper
And you can turn back no longer
No longer stand still
The words of poems curling among the ashes
Hieroglyphics of larger despairs than ours.

David Gascoyne

Shortly the arriving rain will lay a chill
Finger on the unprepared skin, then up-
Ward focused eye, annoyed at disturbance will
Appreciate storm's reality, appreciating
Folly past not fully, thinking Here's a
Splendid show, what grandeur Nature in this mood
Displays! gazing around in idiot wonder till
The sudden lightning shatters skulls,
Melts bones, coagulates all blood.

David Gascoyne

SPECULATION

By marking off this footstep from that
And various other efficiencies of the day
One can easily dismiss the mind's insistence
As to direction, one can protect
The suspicious eye by diversion from the
Horizon's symmetrical doom, its carefully
Draped clouds, patterned stain, the rain
Coming in curtains of downward arrows, not
Yet felt upon the skin.

Though one must hear
Distant thunder, when the alert attention
Is drawn away from its visible manifesto
That can mean not omen, not cannon,
Can mean bold perhaps music or heavy
Traffic of increased commerce or crass
Stupid bodies' collapse of those we loathed.

"THESE CHOICES ARE DISPLAYED . . ."

These choices are displayed for contemplation,
To hang or send to hospital: be hanged
Or be no hero: shall I or shall I not
Bring my little zither to the social evening?
Fragile exhibits of grave interest
Not only to experts but to you and me
These choices are displayed for contemplation
By the successor of that puzzled don
Who sat in his high room above the river
Making an afternoon philosophy
When summer had chosen to adorn the willows
Referring action to the mind of God,
Or in winter lecture-rooms taught the few
Who chose to face the wind so cold a morning
The full extent of the imbroglio
In which his colleagues had involved themselves:
To hang or send to hospital: be hanged
Or be no hero: shall I or shall I not
Bring my little zither to the social evening?
These choices are displayed for contemplation.

Wynyard Browne

THE RIDGE OF WHITE WATERS.

By Norman Giles. 7s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

This takes us to the Transvaal in the days just before and during that inexplicable adventure the Jameson Raid. The White Waters are the Witwatersrand.



Norman Giles

It is useless and also hopeless to speculate now how its leader and those with him and intimately connected with him ever came to expect success from an expedition from which the absolutely essential element of surprise would surely be lacking, as their own knowledge of the situation must, or should, have told them.

Dr. Jameson took all the blame, truly or quixotically, and there the mystery of the whole thing must be left. This book is not a novel in the usually accepted sense of the word. It shows us great political events or rather the foreshadowing of them in its descriptions of the trends of thought and manners of viewing life of the Boer people, with whom the author has evidently associated with some degree of intimacy.

Mr. Giles expresses views on the characters and political objectives of both Cecil Rhodes and "Oom Paul" Kruger.

Each he considers envisaged a United South Africa with himself as the first President or head. But in this, the present reviewer ventures to think, he does injustice to the former. Rhodes had no *personal* ambition, nor any love of money except for the power it gave for the execution of the work for the British Empire, the accomplishment of which was practically the sole object of his life.

Mr. Giles has given us an interesting book, though it is open to the charge of rattling only the dead bones of bygone history.

Gordon Ross

CHELBNRY ABBEY. By Denis Mackail. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a novel with two heroes and no villain to speak of. The only bad character, one in whose veins runs a strong strain of hereditary dishonesty, has little to do with the main plot, while that little is really accidental and its incident results in benefit rather than harm to the virtuous.

But from all this it must not be thought that the story is a dull one. On the contrary, though based on the old theme of conflicting love and apparent duty, Mr. Mackail's treatment of it is as pleasantly fresh as his previous work has led us to expect.

All his characters are not only real live people but (saving the aforesaid incidental villain) people whom it is very pleasant to know; and the reader soon gets to know them and derives a sense of well-being from their company.

Hackneyed as the word "charming" has become, it must be used to describe the style of and to sum up this quite delightful book, in which the author's occasionally digressive reflections are not the least attractive part.

THEY RIDE AGAIN. By Collin Brooks. 7s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)

This is Mr. Brooks in lighter vein. In his prefatory note he issues the warning that "nobody who feels a day older than fifteen should read this story. Nobody who is a day younger than thirty-five should read this preface." In which there is a meaning.

The author, remembering the days of "Penny Dreadfuls," has attempted an enlargement of such publications, and, not seeing why Robin Hood should always have seemed to be granted an almost exclusive right to romance in his particular line of business, has selected Dick Turpin for

NOVEL NOTES

the hero of the present book. Consequently, he has endowed that noted highwayman with a gentility of birth which certainly is not true to fact, and

with an underlying nobility of character which is equally at variance with the effects of former records. But the story runs lightly and pleasantly with, as its culmination, the final righting by Dick of a great wrong done some years previously and the consequent defeat and humiliation of a highly placed rascal.

There is mention of the gallows; but not even the shadow of it has yet fallen on Mr. Brooks's hero.

BREDON AND SONS. By Neil Bell. 8s. 6d. (Collins.)

Novels dealing with individuals of a single family through several generations are by no means uncommon. Since "The Rainbow" there have been Galsworthy's Saga and Mr. Walpole's Herries romance. Now there is Mr. Bell, with his "Bredon and Sons."

Before an estimate of Mr. Bell's powers is attempted it may interest readers to quote two passages from this novel. This is how Chapter Twelve begins:

"Dying businesses, like the traditional creaking gates, hang on a long while, and during the next four or five years the downward drift of the shop was so gradual as to seem stationary."

This is from a chapter called "Bread-and-cheese and Kisses":

"There were a hundred moments each day, each night, when their happiness, absolute, with no shadow of reservations, thrust them over the verges of reality into that fantastic region where laughter comes rollicking without cause or rhyme or reason."

Whatever one feels about the first extract, one halts startled before the second. Is this, then, love? If mere wordiness can do it, Mr. Bell has succeeded admirably, and one will attempt no further criticism.

The story of "Bredon and Sons" is about George Bredon, and his children, and their children. A ship-building venture that has continued through vicissitude in George Bredon's lifetime is carried on by his sons James and John, and by Arthur Bredon after them. After the War there is a breakaway on the part of the Bredon younger generation, and the scene shifts from Suffolk to Cornwall.

There is practically no writing in the book to justify its considerable length. Indeed, one is forced to conclude that the remarkable combination of careful working out of the family history with cliché, finds its best refuge in the long novel, as we have it here. When the history of the novel is written again, this new development must be noted. Is Mr. Priestley the original craftsman in this genre? He has certainly drawn in disciples, and it seems they may be relied upon to ply their trade faithfully.

Arthur Ball

FAMILY CRUISE. By Helen Ashton. 7s. 6d. net. (Gollancz.)

The publishers announce on the jacket that this is the book that they have been waiting for Miss Ashton to write for five years—as though she had justified herself as far as they were concerned. There is no doubt that this is a very good piece of work, but one knows enough of Miss Ashton's capabilities by now to expect even more from her in years to come. The subtlety and tenderness with which she treats of modern marriage in "Mackerel Sky" are repeated and elaborated here.

Three couples set out for a spring cruise in the Mediterranean—a prematurely old barrister and his still young wife, their newly-married daughter and her husband (a flamboyant and rising lawyer), and the younger daughter (of the type that used to be known as flapper) and the dull Oxford don to whom she eventually becomes engaged, so that the romance that is tempered, but never quite dispelled by disillusion is studied in all its most prominent phases. Romance unalloyed remains wholly and exclusively for Miss Pilgrim, the elderly and bespectacled schoolmistress who has saved up all her life for this great adventure.

The book would be worth reading alone to discover the cleverness with which Miss Ashton transports the behaviour and emotional reactions of South Kensington into a setting of the Isles of Greece.

Art and Architecture

- The British Masters. Horace Shipp. 6s. (Sampson Low.)
 An Outline of English Painting. R. H. Wilenski. 2s. (Faber & Faber.)
 Favourite British Paintings. Anthony Bertram. 10s. 6d. (*Studio*.)
 The Technique of Prints and Art Reproduction Processes. Jan Poortenaar. 12s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)

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Biography

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 Darwin. R. W. G. Hingston. 2s. (Duckworth.)
 Prince Eugène: Twin Marshal with Marlborough. Lieut. - General Sir George MacMunn. 10s. 6d. (Sampson Low.)
 Bernard Shaw: A Chronicle and an Introduction. R. F. Rattray. 5s. (Duckworth.)
 T. P. O'Connor. Hamilton Fyfe. 16s. (Allen & Unwin.)
 Prince Eugène. Paul Frischauer. 16s. (Gollancz.)
 Authors To-day and Yesterday. Edited by Stanley J. Kunitz. (Wilson.)
 A Quaker Journal (1804-1861): Being the Diary and Reminiscences of William Lucas of Hitchin, a member of the Society of Friends. Edited by G. E. Bryant and G. P. Baker. 18s. (Hutchinson.)
 Silk Hat and Spurs. General Rafael de Nogales. 18s. net. (Wright & Brown.)

Drama

- The Dream Queen. (Translation of the Svapnavasavadatta of Bhasa). A. G. Shirreff and Panna Lal. 1s. 3d. (Indian Press.)
 Tusitala (The Teller of Tales). A play in Four Acts. Leonard J. Hines and Frank King. 3s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
 Four Plays of St. Clare. Laurence Housman. 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Fiction

- The Hunting Ground. Morris Sutherland. 7s. 6d. (Rich & Cowan.)
 Babylonian Nights Entertainments. Jessie Douglas Kerruish. 7s. 6d. (Archer.)
 A Captain Departed. A. W. Smith. 7s. 6d. (Davies.)
 Comrades of the Storm. Peter B. Kyne. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 The King of Spain's Daughter. Erle Spencer. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 The One Sane Man. Francis Beeding. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 Crooked Horn. Max Brand. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 The Rabthorne Mystery. John Rhode. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)
 Strap-hangers. Norah James. 7s. 6d. (Duckworth.)
 Gingerbread House. Eileen Bigland. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)
 Murder on the Orient Express. Agatha Christie. 7s. 6d. (Collins.)
 Faint Harmony. Vivian Ellis. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 Love and Let Love. George Woden. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 So Far So Glad. Edward Selsey. 10s. 6d. (Duckworth.)
 By Misadventure. Alan Brock. 7s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)
 City of the Rose. Anthony Richardson. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)
 The Years of Peace. LeRoy MacLeod. 7s. 6d. (Appleton.)
 A Kingdom Divided. E. O. Browne. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 Valley of Lost Gold. George Bettany. 7s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
 Eva Gay. Evelyn Scott. 8s. 6d. (Lovat Dickson.)
 They Came By Night. Seldon Truss. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)
 The Ant Heap. Arthur Mills. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 Bloody Mary's. Geoffrey Dennis. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
 Whistler's Corner. Nora Stevenson. 7s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)
 The Hand on the Bridle. K. M. MacLeod. 2s. (Pickering & Inglis.)
 Pity the Child. Rosalind Wade. 8s. 6d. (Chapman & Hall.)
 The Death-Ship: The Story of an American Sailor. 7s. 6d. (Chatto & Windus.)
 De Vriendt Goes Home. Arnold Zweig. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
 Shadow on the House. E. Charles Vivian. 7s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)
 The Old Dagoba. F. E. Penny. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 The Gallows of Chance. E. Phillips Oppenheim. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 Open Land. B. M. Bower. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 Ellice of God-begot. S. N. Sedgwick. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)
 Life Goes On. Bligg Russell. 7s. 6d. (John Long.)
 The Topping Star. Marjorie Terry. 7s. 6d. (John Long.)
 Drums of Sacrifice. W. Robert Foran. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 Wayfaring Women. Ellen Gatti. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 Nightrider. Morna Stuart. 7s. 6d. (Barker.)
 The Wild Feather. Sybil Campbell Lethbridge. 7s. 6d. (Methuen.)
 Green Hellebore. Agnes Cresswell. 3s. 6d. (Houghton.)
 Love Triumphant. Joan Conquest. 7s. 6d. (Werner Laurie.)
 The Mysterious Mr. Badman. W. F. Harvey. 3s. 6d. (Pawling & Ness.)
 Grey Ships. Winston de Marris. 3s. 6d. (Pawling & Ness.)
 Poisoned Arrow. Sir George Dunbar. Bt. 3s. 6d. (Burns, Oates & Washbourne.)
 Bushido. Benjamin Day. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)
 Scent of Magnolia. Carmen Haden Guest. 7s. 6d. (Harrap.)
 The House of the Apricots. Hugh Imber. 6s. (Heffer.)

SOME BOOKS TO JANU

- Tiraloo. Dim Pares. 7s. 6d. (Grayson & Grayson.)
 God and the Rabbit. Michael Home. 8s. 6d. (Rich & Cowan.)
 The Home of the Aylmers. Marjorie Douglas. 2s. 6d. (Pickering & Inglis.)
 Suzanne. Johannes Buchholtz. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 The Fugitive. André Chamson. 7s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)
 Murder in Trinidad. John W. Vandercook. 7s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
 The Malakoff Flat. Max Coventry. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)
 Fools Rush In. Anne Green. 7s. 6d. (Cassell.)
 She Walked into His Parlour. Maysie Greig. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 The Breton. R. J. White. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 The Disappearance of Martha Penny. H. A. Vachell. 7s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)
 War Upon Women. Maboth Moseley. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 Red Thimbles. Florence Lawford. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)
 Bound by the Law. Perceval Symmons. 7s. 6d. (Hurst & Blackett.)
 The Highgraders. Charles H. Snow. 7s. 6d. (John Long.)
 Second Wind. F. A. M. Webster. 7s. 6d. (Hutchinson.)
 The Countess Penny. Inglis Gundry. 7s. 6d. (John Long.)
 Rooks Build Low. Revel Harding. 7s. 6d. (Skeffington.)
 His Own Roof-Tree. Peter Ash. 7s. 6d. (Stanley Paul.)
 The Senior Commoner. Julian Hall. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)
 Family Affairs. Barbara Hughes-Stanton. 7s. 6d. (Martin Secker.)
 Stony Ground. Campbell Nairne. 7s. 6d. (Porpoise Press.)
 Corner Shop. Philip Keeley. 7s. 6d. (Dent.)
 Obelists En Route. C. Daly King. 7s. 6d. (For the Crime Club: Collins.)
 For Those That Love It. Myrtle R. White. 6s. (Angus & Robertson.)
 Backwaters. William Holt. 7s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)
 The Scarlet Flower. Thomas Rourke. 7s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)

Foreign Books and Translations

- Das Freudengärtlein. Johanna Siebel. (Rascher.)
 Einehand. C. F. Ramuz. (Rascher.)
 Die Leisen Leidenschaften. Cécile Ines Loos. (Rascher.)

History

- A History of Darwin's Parish: Downe, Kent. O. J. R. and Eleanor Howarth. 1s. 6d. (Southampton: Russell.)
 The Adventurous Thirties. Janet E. Courtney. 8s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)

RECEIVED ARY 18th

The Consulate and the Empire. Louis Madelin. 15s. (Heinemann.)
A History of European Literature. Laurie Magnus. 12s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)

Miscellaneous

Bradlaugh and To-day: Speeches. 1s. 6d. (Watts.)
Winchester College. Christopher Hawkes. 10s. 6d. (*Country Life*.)
The Psychology of Writing Success. Ed. J. George Frederick. \$2.50. (New York: Business Bourse.)
Apron Men. Col. Robert J. Blackham. 15s. (Rider.)
A popular history of Freemasonry, the first book of its kind, interestingly written and well illustrated.
The Printer, His Customers and His Men. John Johnson. 1s. 6d. (Dent.)
Modern English Punctuation. Reginald Skelton. 2s. 6d. (Pitman.)
The Education of Character. Eleanor Anne Mountford. 2s. 6d. (Lincoln Williams.)
The Bandicoot and Friends. Gomer Williams. Music by J. Maynard Grover. (Figurehead.)
Better Tennis. Hazel Hotchkiss Wightman. 5s. (Allen & Unwin.)
In and Out of My Consulting Room. Dr. Ernest Parker. 7s. 6d. (Leicester: Backus.)
The Garden Through the Seasons. J. W. Morton. 2s. (Fenland Press).
Artists' and Writers' Chap Book. 50 cents. (Book-of-the-Month Club.)
Modestes Conseils à un Conférencier. Félix de Grand' Combe. 10 frs. (Les Presses Universitaires de France.)
Poets' Pie. May E. E. Barrow. 2s. 6d. (Southwick, Sussex: Grange Press.)
A Tale of Two Robins. G. J. Renier. 6s. (Davies.)
Kellygann: The Story of a Manx Cat. By Herself. Edited by Kate Whitehead. 3s. 6d. (Epworth Press.)
The Duchess Cookery Book. Susan, Duchess of Somerset. 2s. 6d. (Grayson & Grayson.)
Stones of Rimini. Adrian Stokes. 12s. 6d. (Faber & Faber.)
Black Mist. Commander Attilio Gatti. 18s. (Hutchinson.)
Wonderful London To-day. James A. Jones. 10s. 6d. (John Long.)
Infirmary. J. H. Fuller Davies. (Stockwell.)
Why Do the Nations? H. Cadogan. 2s. 6d. (Stockwell.)
The Technique of Novel Writing. Basil Hogarth. 3s. 6d. (Bodley Head.)
Congo Jake Returns. Augustus C. Collodon. 12s. 6d. (John Long.)
Gods, Heroes and Men of Ancient Greece. W. H. D. Rouse. 7s. 6d. (John Murray.)
The Jew To-day. Sidney Dark. 8s. 6d. (Nicholson & Watson.)

English Critical Essays—Twentieth Century. Selected with an Introduction by Phyllis M. Jones. 2s. (Oxford University Press.)
Studies, French and English. F. T. Lucas. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)

Music

The Art of Enjoying Music. Sigmund Spaeth. 8s. 6d. (McGraw-Hill.)
The Reality of Music. Rutland Boughton. 7s. 6d. (Kegan Paul.)

Natural History

Exploring the Animal World. Charles Elton. 3s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)

Poetry

The Open Window. Marjorie Crosbie. 1s. 6d. (Birmingham: Cornish.)
Enchanted Earth. Amy J. Baker. 7s. 6d. (John Long.)
Ghosts. Fanny Moore. 5s. (Cranley & Day.)
Strange Victory. Sara Teasdale. 4s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Poems. Marie De L. Welch. 5s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Poet: A Lying Word. Laura Riding. 6s. (Arthur Barker.)
The Dream of Abaris. Laurence Dakin. 25 fr. (Paris: Obelisk Press.)
The Book of London Verse. Vol. II. S. George West. 1s. (University of London Union.)
The Sonnets of William Shakespeare. Ed. Margaret Flower. 10s. 6d. (Cassell.)
In Arcadia. W. Macneile Dixon. 3s. 6d. (Blackie.)
Board Room Ballads. John Gloag. 1s. (Allen & Unwin.)
Poems: Second Series. Gerda Dalliba. 5s. (Ingpen & Grant.)
Poems on Several Occasions. Leonard Chalmers-Hunt. 2s. (Elkin Mathews & Marrot.)
The Tomb of Columbus. J. Willis Price. 3s. (Shakespeare Head.)
Fugitive Poems. Miriam Lyons. 5s. (Unicorn Press.)
The Nettle and the Flower. Kenneth Muir. 5s. (Oxford University Press.)
The Making of Verse: A Guide to English Metres. Robert Swann and Frank Sidgwick. 3s. 6d. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)
The Midnight Mass. Canon Winfred Douglas. 7s. 6d. (Oxford University Press.)
Poems: Group One. G. W. M. Dunn. 3s. 6d. (Jonathan Cape.)
Happy Days. L. A. Hurst Shorter. (Bryce.)
With Rhyme and Reason. J. E. M. Corney. 2s. (Houghton.)
Salamander in Spring, and Other Poems. W. H. Gardner. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)
La Belle au Bois Dormant, and Other Poems. Edward James. 3s. 6d. (Duckworth.)
The War Resisters and Other Poems. I. M. and Hilda Hubbard. 2s. 6d. (Shakespeare Head.)
Towards Corinth, O Englishman. C. H. O. Scaife. 3s. 6d. (Cobden-Sanderson.)

Summit and Chasm. Herbert E. Palmer. 5s. (Dent.)
The Magic Hour. Violet Rawnsley. 5s. (Shakespeare Head.)
The Lantern of Fate, and Other Poems. John V. P. Hudson. 1s. (Stockwell.)

Political

The Constitutional Year Book: 1934. 5s. (Harrison.)

The sub-title, "A treasury of political information," is in this case justified. An invaluable book, not only for speakers and writers, but for all interested in affairs and desiring a reference book for facts.

Germany's Default. Paul Einzig. 7s. 6d. (Macmillan.)
Arya: The Call of the Future. Graham Seton Hutchison, D.S.O., M.C. 5s. (Hutchinson.)
The Transition to Democracy: 1867 to 1914. O. F. Christie. 12s. 6d. (Routledge.)

Reference Books

The People's Year Book. (Co-operative Wholesale Society.)

Reissues and New Editions

The Testament of Light: An Anthology. Gerald Bullett. 5s. (Dent.)
The Complete Works of H. P. Blavatsky. Ed. A. Trevor Barker. 15s. (Rider.)
Reading at Random. Ben Ray Redman. 2s. (Oxford University Press.)
Lasting Prosperity. A. G. McGregor. 7s. 6d. (Pitman.)

Religion and Philosophy

Essays in Construction. W. R. Matthews. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)

The Dean of Exeter in this book deals with almost every question of vital interest in religious thought of to-day. His approach is that the great tradition of Christianity is not static, but is a present dynamic experience.

Now I See. Arnold Lunn. 7s. 6d. (Sheed & Ward.)

The apologia of a recent convert to Roman Catholicism.

East and West in Religion. S. Radhakrishnan. 4s. 6d. (Allen & Unwin.)
Christian Myth and Ritual. E. O. James. 12s. (John Murray.)
Yoga. Major-General J. F. C. Fuller. 5s. (Rider.)
Cransley Broadcast Sermons. Rev. Greville Cooke. 2s. (Skeffington.)
The Social Implications of the Oxford Movement. William George Peck. 7s. 6d. (Scribners.)
Them Also. Mary Warburton Booth. 3s. 6d. (Pickering & Inglis.)
Stories About Jesus. Elizabeth Edwards. 2s. 6d. (Bale, Son & Daniels-son.)
The Divine Programme in Human History. F. John Scroggie. 2s. 6d. (Pickering & Inglis.)
Out of His Treasure House. D. Donald Davidson. 2s. 6d. (Pickering & Inglis.)
Round Table Talks. Harriet M. Spencer Wood. 2s. 6d. (Uplift.) (Heffer.)
Adventures of the Brown Girl in Her Search for God. Mrs. I. I. Kazi. 2s. 6d. (Stockwell.)

PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR FEBRUARY

Answers to these Competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing name and address of sender) must be received by the Editor not later than **February 19th**. A competitor may enter for all the Competitions, but must cut out the coupon and send this with each answer or group of answers, and address envelope:

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

Competitors must please keep copies of their MSS., as the Editor cannot undertake to return them.

THE PRIZES OFFERED THIS MONTH ARE:

I.—Throughout 1934 a monthly prize of Two GUINEAS will be offered for the best comment, in not more than two hundred words, on any topic of interest during the current month. Preference will be given to entries dealing with political, social or literary questions of a controversial nature. Overseas competitors are asked particularly to note that, for this competition, their entries will be eligible irrespective of the closing date. The editor reserves the right to print any comments submitted.

In addition there will be prizes of:

II.—ONE GUINEA for the best definition of "A Celebrity."

III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best answers, with reasons, to the following questions: "What would you (a) abolish, (b) change, (c) have unalterable, (d) initiate, (e) like to be? Entries should not exceed two hundred and fifty words in all.

IV.—THREE NEW BOOKS for the best quotation applicable to any book mentioned in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

V.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to the sender of the best suggestion for a competition.

Results of December Competitions

I.—Two GUINEAS for the best comment on 1933 is awarded to M. T. Coghlan, 7, Vincent Street, Berkeley Road, Dublin, for the following:

All things considered, the heritage that 1933 has handed over to 1934 is not such a bad one. It would not, in fact, be a very wild guess to suggest that future historians may mark the past year as the last of the "pre-War" years. We have had over a decade of looking back, of recalling past anxieties and worries, of counting old debts and nursing old grievances; and it has so little profited us that we are almost desperately ready nowadays to wipe the whole slate clean, to forget (even if we do not forgive), and to look ahead to a more reasonable future.

Perhaps in retrospect 1933 was not such as it seems to have been. Certainly there never was a time when people had fewer illusions about unemployment and poverty; and even if the victims had any such illusions, the Government had none. And when the cynics point to the failure of disarmament conferences to do anything but talk, it is well to remember that every movement in English history (anti-slavery, women's suffrage for example) has been preceded by a similar quantity of apparently ineffectual talk.

Another cheerful reflection is the number of things which happened in 1933; had they happened before 1914 they would have provided *casi belli* for half the world; 1933 has given Europe a new touch of war-fever, but it is the salutary fever of panic, not the spurious fever of enthusiasm. Let us hope then that 1933 may rank as the last of the "post"-War years, and that 1934 may be the first of a new series of "pre" ones—"pre"-prosperity and international peace.

The five highly commended entries are those of Edward Adams-Ray (Stockholm), Neil T. Byars (Kilmarnock),

A. H. Godwin (Hornsey), Mark McKenzie (Hampstead), J. C. Pulford (Liverpool).

II.—ONE GUINEA for the best sonnet on Disarmament is awarded to B. Gibbs, "Fosters," Hall Lane, Upminster, for the following:

Can we forget so soon the trampled corn
Drenched red with blood, forget the wheezing sigh
Of gas-racked lungs, the piteous prayer to die
From mangled, sobbing things on stretchers borne?
Can we forget the zero hour of morn,
The hardly conquered urge to turn and fly,
The whining, tearing shells, the sudden cry
Of agony for eyes by shrapnel torn?

Dare we remember and yet not destroy
The evil powers which brought destruction, pain
To those who suffered war that war might cease?
We mock remembrance who our wealth employ
On gun and shell to shatter once again
This dawning hope, this sanity of Peace!

The five highly commended entries are those of C. E. J. Capern (Brighton), F. E. Milcke (Wallingford, U.S.A.), A. W. Payne (Southport), G. S. Purnell (St. Ives), R. Whybrow (Eastbourne).

III.—HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation from English poetry applicable to any book advertised in the Christmas Number is awarded to John E. Woods, 63, Mayfield Road, Earlsdon, Coventry, for the following:

THE OVERDOSE. BY JOYCE DENNYS. (John Lane.)

"And I should sleep, and I should sleep."

RUPERT BROOKE, *Retrospect*.

We also select for printing:

EPISODES IN A POLICEMAN'S LIFE.

BY JAMES BESSELL. (Stockwell.)

"Off to the cook he quickly ran."

LEWIS CARROLL, *Brother and Sister*.

(B. Gibbs, "Fosters," Hall Lane, Upminster, Essex.)

EVERYWOMAN'S A B C OF BEAUTY.

BY IVIE PRIESTNAL HOLDEN. (Lincoln Williams.)

"Flit would the ages
On soundless wings
Ere unto Z
My pen drew nigh."

WALTER DE LA MARE, *The Scribe*.

(M. McDonnell, Elmwood, Bothwell.)

IV.—THE BOOKMAN will be sent post free for twelve months to Mrs. Frank Jewson, 7, Mount Pleasant, Norwich.

CROSSWORD 38

One guinea is awarded to J. M. Hayes, 1, George Terrace, Plympton, South Devon, for:

"Put in water, it is assistance;
Put in elsewhere, it is interference."

The five highly commended entries are those of Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), E. M. Hakin (Edgware), May T. Talbot (Leeds), Dr. William Thomas (Featherstone), C. E. Worcester (Birmingham).

Results of January Competitions

I.—Two GUINEAS for the best comment on a topic of current interest is awarded to W. A. Rathkey for "Taking Them for a Ride," which appears on page 442.

II.—ONE GUINEA for the best "Dirge on the Departure of Cigarette Coupons" is awarded to G. S. Purnell, 12, North Road, St. Ives, for the following: